National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment--Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

LETTER FROM HON. WM. JAY, TO THE HON. WM. NELSON, MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

New York, 16th March, 1850.

My Dear Sir—Availing myself of your kind invitation to give you my sentiments at any time, on topics occupying the attention of Congress, I wrote to you a few weeks ago, in relation to the compromise proposed by Mr. Clay. Since the date of that letter, you, and I, and indeed the whole nation, have been astounded by the strange course pursued in the Senate by Mr. Webster. I inquire not into his motives. To his own master he standeth or falleth; but certainly it must be admitted by friends and foes, that his recent somerset is one of the boldest and most extraordinary ever thrown by a political tumbler. I will not inflict upon you, a minute examination of his lamentable speech, but I will take the liberty to call your attention to a few of its prominent points.

Gen. Cass frankly confessed that, with regard to the Wilmot Proviso, "a change had come over him," but Mr. Webster, while his personal identity is almost wholly destroyed, while scarcely a fragment of the former man remains, is under the hallucination, that he is the same Daniel Webster as before, and while denouncing and ridiculing the proviso, professes to be as much devoted to its principle as ever!

He *now* pours contempt, not only upon legislative instructions, but also upon legislative expressions of hostility to the extension of Slavery. "I should be unwilling to receive from the Legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to *present resolutions or express for any opinions whatever, on the subject of Slavery*, for two reasons; first, I do not consider that the Legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it, and next, I do not consider that I, as her representative, have anything to do with it."

On the 1st of March, 1847, he read in the Senate certain strong Anti-Slavery resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, and announced that they had been passed *unanimously*. Did he then rebuke the Legislature of his State, for meddling with what was none of their business? Hear him—"I thank her (Massachusetts) for it, and am proud of her, for she "has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico. "If anything is certain, it is that the sentiment of "the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into *new slaveholding* "*States*."—*Cong. Globe, p.* 555.

In 1819, Mr. Webster, as one of the committee, submitted to a Boston meeting two resolutions, viz: "That the Congress of the United States possess the "constitutional power, upon the admission of any "new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the "prohibition of the further extension of Slavery or "involuntary servitude in such new State a condition of its admission;" and that "it is just and "expedient that this power *should be exercised by* "*Congress* upon the admission of all new States "erected beyond the original limits of the United "States." *Now* Mr. Webster, as the representative of Massachusetts in Congress, does not consider that *he* has anything to do with the subject of Slavery!

When it was ascertained, during the war, that new territory would be acquired, and when it was openly avowed that it was to become slave territory, the House of Representatives passed Mr. Wilmot's proviso, expressly excluding Slavery from the territory to be thus acquired. This, as we all know, led to a violent political agitation. What part did Mr. Webster take in this agitation? In 1847, he addressed a meeting of his own party, and declared, "There is not a man in this hall who holds to the "principle of the Wilmot proviso more firmly "than I do." The principle of the proviso was the exclusion of Slavery, by act of Congress, from *the territory to be acquired from Mexico*; and that territory, we all knew, was none other than New Mexico and California.

The agitation waxed fiercer and fiercer. The Whig party at the North pledged themselves to the proviso; the Legislature of Massachusetts, as we have seen, *unanimously* declared for the exclusion of Slavery from New Mexico and California, and Mr. Webster publicly thanked his State, and was proud of her for so doing. The whig party in Massachusetts nominated Mr. Webster for the Presidency, and he stood before the country as the *Wilmot proviso candidate*. General Taylor was ultimately selected as the Whig candidate, and was supported by the northern whigs, on the pledges made by his friends, that he would not veto the proviso. General Cass, on the other hand, was the avowed anti-proviso candidate, and as such, was opposed by the whole Whig party at the North. The great issue on which the election turned in the free States, was the prohibition or permission, by Congress, of Slavery in New Mexico and California. After the candidates were nominated, and while the whole country was convulsed with this issue, what was the course of Mr. Webster? Did he dissent from his northern friends? Did he tell them the issue they had made was a nonsensical one? Hear him once more. On the 10th August, 1848, *after* New Mexico and California were acquired, he rose in the Senate and thus delivered himself: "My opposition to the increase of Slavery "in this country, or to the increase of slave repre- "sentation, is general and universal. It has no re- "ference to the lines of *latitude* or points of the "compass. I shall oppose all such extension at "all times and under all circumstances, even "against all inducements, against all supposed "limitation of great interests, against all com- "binations, against all compromises."

To what, let me ask, did this solemn, emphatic, unqualified asservation refer? Did he then know that there was not a foot of territory in the United States, over which it was not morally and physically impossible to extend Slavery? Was he promising, in these impressive terms, to oppose what he was conscious would never be attempted? Did he make this pledge before his country, with a mental reservation to unite hereafter with General Cass and the slaveholders, in denouncing and scorning the proviso? Did he mean to deceive his own party? Did he desire to keep up an angry agitation, throughout the nation, for electioneering purposes, and did he thus intimate his belief in the danger of the extension of Slavery and slave representation, when he well knew that the fiat of the Almighty had rendered such extension impossible? Was he then acquainted with the "law of physical geography," which would render the proviso "a re-enactment of the will of God?" and did he purposely conceal the secret of this law in his own breast, when, by revealing it, he might have stilled the raging billows of popular passion which threatened to engulf the Union? To suppose all this, would be to impute to Mr. Webster a degree of trickery and turpitude rarely paralleled even among politicians. Hence we are bound to assume that the law of nature, on which he *now* relies, is a recent discovery, subsequent at least to the 10th August, 1848.

It is, however, extraordinary, that a gentleman of his acquirements, did not sooner become acquainted with this "law of physical geography—the law of the formation of the earth, that settles forever, beyond all terms of human enactment that Slavery cannot exist in California or New Mexico." It is to be regretted that Mr. Webster did not condescend to demonstrate the existence of this law, and to explain the mode of its operation. He, indeed, tells us that our new territories are "Asiatic in their formation and scenery;" but the fact does not prove his law, since Slavery has existed for ages, amid the scenery of Asia; it exists in the deserts of Africa, has existed in every country of Europe, and now exists in the frozen regions of Russia. This law, moreover, must have been enacted by the Creator since 1824, or its operation must have been previously suspended in deference to the Spanish government; for under that government, negro Slavery did exist in New Mexico and California, and it ceased in 1824, not by the law of "physical geography," but by a Mexican edict. Thousands of slaves are employed in the mines of Brazil, and Mr. Webster does not explain how his law forbids their employment in the mines of California. Mr. Webster ridicules the application of the proviso to Canada, in case of annexation. I neither see nor feel the point of his wit—Slavery is already prohibited by the local law of Canada, but were it not, most certainly it ought to be prohibited as a condition of annexation. New York adjoins Canada, and Mr. Webster probably regards the prohibition of Slavery in our recent constitution as the height of absurdity. In 1790 there were 21,000 slaves in New York, and on the 4th of July 1827, about 10,000 slaves were emancipated, not by Mr. Webster's law, but by act of the Legislature, and the number would have been much greater, had not laws for their gradual emaucipation, been in operation since 1796. For a long period, Slavery flourished in New York undisturbed by Abolitionists. The absence of all Anti-Slavery agitation was as perfect as Mr. Webster's heart could desire. Stray negroes were caught with almost as much ease as stray pigs. Neither pulpit nor press ruffled the happy serenity of the slaveholders. But this blissful repose was suddenly broken in 1841, by rumors of an *intended* insurrection. Courts and executioners were immediately put into requisition, and in pursuance of judicial sentences, *thirteen slaves were burnt alive at the stake in the city of New York*, eighteen were hanged, and seventy-one were exported to foreign markets. Mr. Webster is unnecessarily distressed by the supposed unhappy influence of the Anti-Slavery agitation upon the condition of the slaves. They were never better treated, were never less miserable than at the present moment. The more public observation is directed to the conduct of the masters, the less reprehensible will that conduct be.

The promulgation of the law of "physical geography" seems to make no impression on the slaveholders as they continue as ravenous as ever for the new territories. But with one accord they unite with the pro-slavery democrats at the North, and with our northern politicians and merchants eager for southern votes and southern trade, in lauding and glorifying him, not for his discovery of a new law of nature, but for his discovery of a national pledge, to receive into the Union three slave States to be formed out of the Texan territory—for his denunciation of the proviso, and for his promised aid in catching the future Latimers who may be found on the soil of Massachusetts.

Congress by the constitution may admit new States at discretion, and hence new States have been admitted on various conditions. The joint resolutions admitting Texas imposed *restrictions* on this power. Congress *may*, with the consent of Texas, admit *one* State north of 36 deg. 30 min., but if admitted, it *must* be a free State. Congress *may* admit *three* States, with the consent of Texas south of that line; but it admitted, no restriction in regard to Slavery can be imposed on them. Mr. Webster now finds in these resolutions what had escaped the knowledge of both the North and the South, viz., a national pledge to admit three slave States. As no State can be admitted without the consent of Texas, and as that consent will be withheld for a State north of 36 deg. 30 min., it follows, according to Mr. Webster, that we have made a one-side bargain; of the four contemplated States, we *must* have three with Slavery, but are to be cheated out of the one with freedom. This discovery, which has taken the whole nation by surprise, is like the discovery of the geographical law, of recent date.

On the 22d March, 1848, Mr. Webster was ignorant of this national pledge! In his speech in the Senate, on that day, alluding to the joint resolutions, he remarked:

"If you refer to the resolutions providing for the "annexation of Texas, you find a proviso that it "shall be in the power of Congress hereafter to "make four new States out of Texan territory—"present and prospective five new States; ten new "senators may come into the Union out of Texas."—*Houston's Report, p.* 403.

Mr. Webster pledges himself to vote for the bill now pending in the Senate, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, by which a citizen of Massachusetts may be converted into a beast of burthen, and by which any man or woman may be made to pay $1,500, and be confined six months in prison, for the crime of giving food and lodging, harboring and concealing a fellow being, and perhaps a fellow Christian guiltless of crime, and thus aiding him in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Possibly Mr. Webster may hereafter discover a law of human nature that will render this pledge as worthless as his geographical law has rendered his proviso pledge. Let us inquire into the practical working of this proposed law. As Mr. Webster is to vote for it, he, of course, can have no conscientious objection to aid in executing it. Let us then imagine a scene in perfect consistency with the position he has assumed.

On his return from Washington, he is followed by Messrs Hill and Bruin, who retain him in a prosecution they have commenced against a Boston matron. She had harbored their beautiful slave, for whom they had lately demanded eighteen hundred dollars, and who had effected her escape from bondage and outrage. The cause is ready for trial, not before a postmaster, or other solitary official, but, as in this case it *must be*, before a Boston Jury. The Court is opened and the jury empanneled, but the room is thronged to suffocation, and an anxious multitude without is striving for admittance. A cry is heard, to Faneuil Hall. The court yields to the wishes of the people. The lady, guarded by constables, and Daniel Webster, locked arm in arm with his Alexandria clients, wend their way to the Hall. The judges and jury have taken their seats, the old Cradle of Liberty is filled to its utmost capacity with citizens of Boston, the silence of the grave pervades the vast assembly, but men's hearts are beating with unwonted violence, and scorn and indignation are distorting the lineaments of every countenance. Daniel Webster rises as counsel for the prosecution, and Hancock and Warren, and the Adamses, and other apostles and martyrs of New England liberty, seem to look down upon him from their canvass with unnatural sternness. The feed advocate of the slave traders, turns to the jury with some little embarrassment of manner, some tremor of muscle. He commences his address with a learned exposition of the constitution. Next follows a soul-stirring eulogium upon our glorious Union—the last hope of freedom, the refuge for the oppressed of all the nations upon earth. Most earnestly does he protest that no man abominates Slavery more than he does, and to prove his sincerity, he quotes from his *old* speeches, and repeats his *old* pledges. But he has a sacred duty to perform, and fearlessly will he discharge it. The cause of human freedom, and of human rights, and the preservation of our glorious Union, upon which that freedom and those rights depend, require, imperatively require, that this lady, virtuous and benevolent as she may be, shall be torn from her husband and children, and immured with felons in Leveret street jail, for six months. He intimates, that this is only a portion of the punishment due to the crime of the prisoner. His injured clients are entitled to one thousand dollars from the husband of the lady, and the insulted majesty of the Union claims from the same source, satisfaction to the amount of five hundred dollars. After a high wrought peroration on the obligations of justice and good faith, he calls a witness to prove the guilt of the prisoner. At this point he is interrupted by the opposite counsel, who informs the jury he will not detain them by the examination of witnesses. The prisoner freely, cheerfully, admits the act with which she is charged. It is true that she saw in the panting fugitive at her door a representative of Him who said "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." She did take her in, she did feed, and clothe, and lodge, and conceal her. If, in thus obeying the law of God, she has broken that of man, she is willing, if needs be, to suffer bonds in His cause, who gave his life for her. He then maintains that the constitution imposes upon the *States* the obligation to surrender fugitives, and gives Congress no authority to visit private individuals with pains and penalties, for not assisting in their apprehension. In proof of the correctness of the construction of the constitution, he reads the opinion of the learned counsel for the prosecution, expressed in his late speech in the Senate. But he rests the defence of the prisoner on higher grounds than constitutional law. He appeals to the law of love written upon the human heart, and proclaimed by the voice of the Son of God, and if the constitution of the United States abrogates this law, then is it a conspiracy against the virtue of man and the government of Jehovah, and therefore null and void. The cause is submitted by the court, with a brief intimation to the jury, that in a criminal case they are the judges of the *law* as well as of the fact. The jury, without leaving their box, return a verdict of not guilty. As the words are caught by the attending multitude, their pent up feelings find vent in loud and prolonged hurrahs; and the once favorite son of New England blanches as he hears in the triumphant shouts of the people, the knell of his own fame and power.

Be it, that all this is fiction. Alas! it is fiction founded on fact—founded on Mr. Webster's broken pledges—founded on his open apostacy from the cause of freedom—founded on his proclaimed intention to vote for a law outraging alike the personal security of the citizen and the obligations of the Christian. Mr. Webster treats with disrespect the legislatures of fourteen States of the free North, which have protested against the extension of Slavery to the new territories, not by questioning the binding force of their instructions, but by virtually rebuking them all for expressing "any opinion whatever" in relation to Slavery, and by insisting that they "have nothing to do" with a question occupying the thoughts and enlisting the feelings of every citizen, and involving the honor, power and prosperity of our country, and the happiness or degradation of unborn millions of the human race.

He pays a sorry compliment to the common sense of the people in offering to them at the eleventh hour, a new and unheard-of law of "physical geography," together with the "Asiatic scenery and formation" of the conquered territories, as an *excuse* for violating the faith he had plighted, in behalf of the proviso. He has shocked the moral sense of a large portion of the community, by giving in advance his sanction to a law which suspends the liberty or bondage of a citizen on the affidavit of a slaveholder, and the judgment of a post-master—a law which converts sympathy for guiltless misery into crime, and threatens to tenant our jails with our most estimable men and women.

Mr. Webster underrates the intelligence and moral sensibilities of the masses. Relying on the southern affinities of our commercial cities, on the subserviency of politicians, on the discipline of party, and on his own great influence. Mr. Webs er looks *down* upon the people; but the time is probably not far distant when the people will cease to look up to him. Parties will accept of any leaders who can acquire for them the spoils of the day; but in the political history of our country, the people have never placed their affections upon any man, in whose stability and consistency they did not confide.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
WILLIAM JAY.

REVIEW OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S SPEECH, BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We propose to look at some points of Mr. Webster's late speech.

'The best bid that has been made yet for the Presidency'—'The shrewdest thing Daniel ever did.' Such are the comments of the street. For the present, let us not *analyze motives, or go deeper than the print*; but try the great Northern statesman by the record. If any one should aver that this Union can never be hurt by its enemies, who could safely gainsay him? since its friends seem resolved never to allow the chance, but to cut its throat themselves. We are Disunionists, not from any love for separate Confederacies, or as ignorant of the thousand evils that spring from neighboring and quarrelsome States; but we would get rid of this Union, because experience has shown it to be, in its character and construction, an insurmountable obstacle to the Harmony of the nation; and could we once

'Cancel, and tear to pieces, this great bond
Which keeps us pale'

with continnal apprehensions, we should get space for such a structure as would ensure the Harmony of all the races which dwell on this continent, and all the States that control it—an empire ocean-bound on every side. With these views, Mr. Webster has no sympathy. Yet, in our opinion, of all Disunionists, Mr. Webster is the most efficient. His eulogy of the Union is not more eloquent than his policy is fatal to it. According to his own oft-repeated confession, there exists an evil in our midst so serious that it clouds the whole future of our destiny. He has admitted that the to-come is so dark, he cares not to attempt to penetrate the clouds that overshadow it. Yet for twenty years the great statesman has been oftener 'checked for *silence*, than rated for speech.' Now, however, in the very crisis of our fate, he opens his mouth—'I have wished only to speak my sentiments, fully and at large, being desirous, once for all, to let the Senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects; to disburden my conscience from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.' Having got to the 'bottom of his heart,' what do we find there? He 'expresses no opinion as to the mode of the extinguishment or melioration of Slavery,' 'has nothing to propose on that subject!' And this is statesmanship! Yes, of the kind Coleridge describes: 'There are men who never exert themselves to cure an evil, but seek merely to hold it at arm's length, careful only that things may last out their day.'

The body politic is affected with a sore disease; if allowed to have its way, no one can prophesy the result. But there is hope that, if taken in time, before it has tainted the whole system, and while the nation lies with submissive confidence in the hands of its statesmen-doctors, the strength of a good *Constitution* will carry the patient through. The great Doctor has spoken; and what does he say? O! nothing about the patient. He has discovered that the disease is not contagious!—there is no danger of its spreading! But as for the sufferer, he 'has nothing to prspose!' And then, laying his hand where his heart out to be, he assures us that he has 'disburdened it from the very bottom,' and told 'every sentiment that exists there!' Excellent physician! 'Oh! how much blacker art thou than thy looks!'

Yes, take Slavery as it is, staggered by the sentiment of the civilized world arrayed against it, confined within uneasy limits, uncertain of the future, and with the great chiefs, Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Webster, whom the land still trusts, on the stage, and possibly the difficult question of its abolition could be solved without danger to the Union. But Mr. Webster knows that out of all such crises as this, Slavery has always, *by the sagacity of her leaders, the supineness of the North*, and the chances of the times, come forth strengthed and triumphant. Seemingly cornered, she has leapt over our heads, only to get a freer field and give more fatal blows. From the seeming death of 1787, which deluded our fathers, she was resuscitated by Cotton and the Compromises. Afterwards, smothered by the too close embrace of the Mississippi, the Louisiana Territory came to her relief, with new lands for her to wear out, and a market for the slave-breeders of Virginia and the Carolinas; and when even all this would not do, and Dr. John Randolph thought her end to be near, came Texas, with the elixir of perpetual youth. Yes, through the 'infernal doors' of Compromise, which the Constitution

Opened, but to shut
Excelled her power.'

'Under spread ensigns marching,' has the South found always 'a broad and beaten way' to her wishes, and ample means to '*tempt or punish*' refractory statesmen.

The true friend of the Union would seize this moment, when the slave-host sways to and fro with anxiety; when, thanks to the slandered Abolitionists only, all of virtue the North has is aroused to the importance of the issue, and needs but a man as leader to dare and do all for Liberty—the true friend of the Union would seize such a moment, by some grand and comprehensive plan of abolition, to insure the future, instead of shutting his eyes like the ostrich, and imagining that to be hoodwinked is to be safe. If, on some future struggle, Slavery, gathering its hosts from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 'fleshed with conquests,' shall do equal battle with this Union, and destroy it, its epitaph will be—'Died, because its friends dared not, or were too selfish, to look danger in the face, and "scotched the snake, not killing it."'

'Let them care that come behind,' is the motto of the Great Defender of the Constitution. 'Instant in season and out of season'—*Delenda est Carthago*'—are ours. It is idle to imagine that any ingenuity can compromise this question. It is no quarrel of lovers, but a thorough contrariety of interests; no mere friction of the political machine, but an entire misfit of its parts. The South, the *present* South, is fixed that the experiment shall be tried of extending Slavery. The North cannot be said to be fully resolved, but it is *deeply interested* that Slavery shall cease; and this *deep interest* will soon issue in a most sturdy *resolution*. The battle must be fought. It joined now, it may be fought within the lists of the Constitution. But if the combatants grow heated and angered, and the hosts increase for another fifty years, who shall say that their first onset will, not rend the bond asunder, never to be again united?

One thing more. This speech contains, Mr. Webster tells us, all he has to say 'on these subjects.' His whole 'conscience is disburdened.' If so, then throughout a long and labored argument, embracing a sketch of Slavery from the beginning of the world, and a statement of the views taken of it by many other nations as well as by our own, not only has the great Northern statesman found no place for a plan to abolish it, but he has not been betrayed into the hint even of a wish that it may ever cease. Not one expression of pity for an enslaved race, not one indignant denunciation of the system, has a decent respect even for the opinions of mankind won from this politic prater! He *describes*, with as many moral bows as Sir Pertinax McSycophant himself could have made, the 'conscientious opinions of the South' on the question of selling one's neighbors, and then *describes* the religious scruples of the North, but all with such judicial coldness, such wary and decorous impartiality between Liberty and Despotism, between Right and Wrong, that it would puzzle a jury of Philadelphia lawyers to tell, had Nature given him a heart, to which side it would have leaned. So obedient are the pulses of this great man to his duty, or his interest, that over the eggs of such a controversy as this, happier than even Erasmus, he has walked without breaking them; and may safely boast that Daniel Webster has spoken three hours on Slavery, and no mortal man can tell whether he loves or hates it. In the Roman procession, the most marked matter was that Cato's statue was wanting. Of this speech, what it fails to express is more remarkable than what it has expressed—and that is saying a great deal.

Certainly, if this cold, tame, passionless, politic commodity be all our great man's 'conscience' has to say on American Slavery—'the vilest the sun ever saw,' according to the great Methodist, whose sect the republican statesman found time to praise, when too much pressed *for space*, probably, to speak of such a trifle as 'stealing a man and selling him!'—if this be all his conscience, why, then, as Launcelot says, 'tis but a kind of hard conscience, after all; though had it cried to him as Launcelot did, '*Budge not*' from the proviso,' '*Scorn running with thy heels*' from all thy recorded principles, it would have served a good purpose, notwithstanding.

The first point of Mr. Webster's argument is, that Texas and all Texan territory are inevitably pledged to Slavery by the terms of the Annexation Resolutions, which, being in the nature of a contract, cannot be broken without a breach of national faith. These allow Texas to be carved into, at least, five States, to be slave or free States, as each shall choose.

To this argument we answer,—The annexation of Texas was, both in form and substance, confessedly, a gross breach of the Constitution. The Government has no power to unite the Union to foreign States. But if this can be done, it must be done by treaty, which requires a vote of two-thirds of the Senate to ratify it. Texas was annexed by Resolutions of both branches, and by small majorities. By these the *form* of a contract was given to it, the more strongly to engage the national faith, and prevent what was in reality merely a law, from being, as it might otherwise have been, repealed by a subsequent one; and Texas, brought in by one Congress, put out by its successor.

We contend that the fact of Texan annexation is fairly divisible into two parts; 1st, the annexation of a foreign State; 2d, certain agreements as to its being, on a future occasion, divided into five States.

The consent of Congress is necessary to the formation of new States within the limits of an old one. This consent is usually given, upon deliberation, at the time of such contemplated division. Here was an attempt to give this consent beforehand, and thus bind the action of all future Congresses; not leaving this great boon to the South, of five Texan slave States, with ten Senators, to the chance of defeat from the whirligig of time, and the growth of an Anti-Slavery sentiment. The whole thing, from beginning to end, in form and substance, was a trick, a gross breach of the Constitution. Now what is to give it *validity!* In the case of the acquisition of Louisiana, which was made according to the *forms* of the Constitution, though in violation, as many thought, and Jefferson, the then President, allowed, of its real intention and essence, it has been generally held that the unconstitutional act became valid solely by the acquiescence of the whole people. See Adam's Texas speech, p. 86. Also the address of the Faneuil Hall Texas Convention, *dictated by Mr. Webster*. Louisiana was annexed by treaty, which is, of course, a contract even more strictly than the Texas resolutions.

In these last, therefore, where the Constitution has been violated both in form and substance, it is still more plain that nothing but the acquiescence of the nation can make them valid. How is it to be discovered whether the people acquiesce or not? By their actions; and let it be always remembered that we, the injured minority, have a right to claim that our enforced submission shall not be construed as acquiescence one jot or iota beyond that portion of the wicked contract to which we have been compelled to succumb. Texas is in, her Senators are seated in the capitol, her ports are covered by our flag, her votes sport with interests of New England. In so much New England has acquiesced, so far she is in honor bound. *Pro tanto*, as the lawyers say, of a will or a deed, or an agreement, half good and half void, *pro tanto* (for *such part*, for *so much*,) the contract has been made valid by acquiescence. But the friends of Texas attempted, in their fraudulent contract, to secure to her and themselves certain other privileges—to wit, cutting her up, and getting ten slave votes in the Senate. She has taken the first step, that is, entered the nation—we have acquiesced—so much is hers. Let her try the second step, erect a new State within her limits, apply for admission; and see whether we will acquiesce in that too. We claim that the anti-annexations have a right to try that question; to that no national honor is pledged. The question is open. When pliant Websters and traitor Winthrops again betray their constituents, *acquiesce* in this part of the bargain, and escape cashiering, then, and not till then, will that part have gained validity.

Suppose Congress, by joint resolution, should annex Cuba, and insert in the bargain a clause that on every question of a treaty, the Cuban Senators' votes should count double the vote of any New England Senator. Suppose, in pursuance of these resolutions, Cuba takes her seat in Congress. So far the traitorous bargain is made valid. After a year or so, the question of ratifying a treaty comes before the Senate—is New England debarred by honor, or aught else, from resisting the other part of the fraud; and, if she can get enough to vote with her, showing the South, Cuba and the world, that so far the trick has failed, and has not been made valid by acquiescence? The unconstitutionality of Texan annexation is cured by submission. Well, can we submit to that which has never taken place? When Texas tries to divide herself into five States, and asks admission, then shall we be able to say whether the nation, represented by its Congress, acquiesces in that part of the bargain. But an objector says, then Texas and her friends cannot tell, for a long time, what her rights in this respect are. True, and that is the misfortune of those who venture their fate on such questionable proceedings as need the acquiescence of others in order to be of any binding efficacy. Certainly, if the tramplers on the Constitution have to wait long before they know whether they have succeeded in their fraud, it is no fault of ours.

Again, the objector may urge, a bargain is a bargain—it fails entirely, or stands in all its parts. True; that is the case when each party understands and *freely assents* to it. But when one party knocks the other down, and infers his assent from his silence and his conduct; the injured party has a right to claim that his silence and submission shall not be construed into an assent one jot further than it must *inevitably* be so interpreted: and if, when he gets his mouth open, anything yet remains to be assented to, against that he may with honor protest, and resist it to the utmost of its power. If this be not sound, constitutional and honorable doctrine, then a temporary majority in Congress may, by adroitly tacking to some not unpopular measure a list of future agreements, claim from the acquiescence to and hence the constitutionality of, the first—the acquiescence to and constitutionality of the whole, and debar all honorable actors under the Constitution from all future resistance when the cases occur.

A man enters your house, knocks you down, takes your watch, and makes you promise you'll give him a hundred dollars the next morning. The morning comes, he presents himself, and claims the performance of your promise. Are you bound in honor to fulfil it? The friends of Texas, in utter defiance of our constitutional rights, force her upon us, and *promise for us*, that when she wants other favors, we will tender them. When the time comes, we will see how far we are inclined to acquiesce and honor their bills.

It appears to us that the fact of Texan annexation may thus fairly be divided; and as in favor of the *Constitution, Right and Liberty*, we are justified in going to extreme limits, and to claim that if the 'scale do turn but in the estimation of a hair' on our side the verdict shall be ours; and as Mr. Webster himself being judge, at Springfield, 'we are to use the first and last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of the slave power,' we claim that he wield over Texas also 'his own thunder,' the Wilmot proviso.

Pompously protesting as the Whigs, with Webster at their head, did, that the whole of Texas annexation was unconstitutional, no one of them ever acted as if they believed it. The true course would have been, when Texan Senators and Representatives appeared at Washington, to dispute their right to take seats. If voted down, protest, and warn Texas and the world that each future step towards ratifying or carrying out the iniquitous bargain would be resisted, and that her friends would have to fight their way to the validity of their contracts over an acquiescence which would be refused and disputed at every step. This should have been done; men in earnest, in their love of liberty would so have acted. But its omission would be taken as proof of acquiescence in what they have done: it can be rightly so interrupted only to the extent that such act of theirs *necessarily*, and inevitably, and unequivocally goes, and no further. Mr. Webster, in the Texas Address, goes even beyond this; he says—

'It is idle to say that the assent of the people of a State, in a great and fundamental question like this, is to be proved by, or inferred from, any vote of its Representatives in Congress. No member of Congress is sent there for that purpose, or clothed with any such authority.'

Let it be remembered, that assent to an unconstitutional proceeding is never to be *presumed*: it is to be *proved*: and the burden of proof rests on the party offending, that is, in this case, the slave party. It is clear the great fact of Texan annexation admits of such a division, as we have suggested. If it admits of division, then, *in behalf of liberty and the Constitution*, the *lovers of both are bound to make it* In such a case, even a technical objection mounts to the dignity of an argument. While contending for such glorious rights as Liberty and Justice, we are to yield only inch by inch. In their behalf, we may honorably 'cavil (with Hotspur) on the ninth part of a hair.' To fight the battle of right against wrong within the girth of such a Constitution as ours is hard enough, especially when Slavery lays its plans and deals its blows wholly unshackled by any regard to constitutional restrictions, and resistance, according to Mr. Webster, is to be made by men fettered and chained by a most conscientious awe for all its provisions. Such a struggle hardly deserves the name of fight. It is simply *being baited*, like a bear muzzled and chained, while his assailants are free and armed. The Dutch dykes which usually keep out the ocean, whence once the inundation has passed over, only make the matter worse by restraining the waters' retreat. Let us jealously guard and scrupulously insist on every iota that is fairly ours, since there is no use of contending at all on the basis of such a faint-hearted and wholesale surrender as Mr. Webster's is; according to whom, Despotism is to be allowed to do everything illegally, and Liberty nothing at all, *according to law!*

In conclusion: If the Texas annexation be a contract, or treaty, and our refusal to admit her five slave States be a breach of the contract, the remedy is in the hands of Texas. If we refuse to pay this, the rich price at which we bought the great favor and blessing of her joining us, the door is open; she can retire, annul the contract, and all things then stand as before. No great harm is done, and she can have no good cause of complaint; for Massachusetts was but speaking the voice of many free States when she placed on record her resolve, that she '*denies the validity of any compromise whatsoever*, that may have been, or *that hereafter may be*, entered into by persons in the government of the Union, intended to *preclude the future application of such a condition* [as Wilmot's] by the people acting through their representatives in the Congress of the United States.'

The next point in Mr. Webster's speech is, his entire surrender of the Wilmot Proviso, so far as any territory at present belonging to the country is concerned, on the ground of its being utterly unnecessary. As to California and New Mexico, he holds Slavery to be excluded from those territories by the law of nature and physical geography—'I will not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of nature, or reenact the will of God—would not wound even the irrational pride of the South,' pp. 23, 24. He confesses his repeated and most solemn pledge to the principle of the Proviso, and promises to stand by them when shown to be necessary.

This sudden, and for his official prospects most opportune, discovery of the usefulness of the Proviso, wears a most suspicious face. Mr. Webster doubtless remembers the pregnant commentary of some one on Stafford's conversion to Charles I. 'There are some changes of opinion so suspicious, that it needs a life of most unequivocal sincerity ever after to convince mankind that they were the results of honest conviction.'

But we beg the reader to remember that they were not simply pledges which Mr. Webster gave at Springfield and elsewhere to the Wilmot Proviso. He used his, and the Whig's professed attachment to this Proviso as an argument throughout the whole Presidential campaign to undervalue the Free Soil movement as unnecessary—to defeat Cass, and to elect Taylor; and unless he can convince the community that he has got new light on the character of 'nature and physical geography' in New Mexico, &c., since September, 1847, and August, 1848, he stands before the world convicted out of his own mouth of having swindled those who trusted him out of their confidence and votes by false pretences.

Listen to him at Springfield, September, 1847:

'I am not a prophet, or the son of a prophet; but if I were to prophecy, the very last subject on which I would venture a prediction would be the course of the Northern Democracy on this subject of Slavery extension. The prediction of the Almanac respecting the state of the weather, would be just as reliable as any I could make of their probable proceedings. I hope there are some among them, and I am glad to believe there are many of them, who would go with us in support of the sentiment of the Wilmot Proviso; but when we come to the real question, the vote, who and how many can we rely on to support us?

It was scouted out of the assemblage of the Democracy of Massachusetts at Worcester. Are we quite certain the Democratic members of Congress from Maine and New Hampshire will abandon the administration and support the Proviso against the Slave Power?'

Again at Marshfield, August, 1848:

'And now I venture to say, gentlemen, two things the first well known to you, that Gen. Cass is in favor of what is called the Compromise Line; and is of opinion that the Wilmot Proviso, or the ordinance of 1787, which excludes Slavery from territories, ought not to be applied to territories lying South of 36 deg. 30 min. He announced it before he was nominated, and if he had not announced this, he would have been thirty-six degrees thirty minutes farther off from being nominated. In the next place, he will do all he can to accomplish that compromise line; and lastly, which is a matter of opinion, in my conscientious belief, he will establish it.'

'I verily believe, that unless there is a renewed strength, an augmented strength of Whig votes in Congress, he will accomplish his purpose'

'Augmented strength of Whig votes'? How many Whig votes, his own and R. C. Winthrop's, for instance, will it take to defeat the Proviso? Like the Scotchman's farm, the more you have of them, the poorer you will be.

We turn aside a moment to remark, that it was in this speech at Marshfield that Mr. Webster confessed, what the Abolitionists have so often asserted—

'We talk of the North. There has been no North.—I think the North Star is at last discovered; I think there *will be a North*; but up to the recent session of Congress there has been no North. What I mean to say is, if I am to understand a geographical section of the country, in which there has been a strong, conscientious, and *united* opposition in Slavery, no such North has existed.'

And if 'no such North has existed,' at whose door lies the fault? We say plainly at his; 'one blast upon whose bugle horn, any time these twenty years, had been worth a thousand men.' His fiat could at any moment have called this new world into existence. His influence against it has been one of the greatest obstacles to its creation. When Wellington taunts Canning, that he did not earlier emancipate the Catholics—when Peel taunts Cobden, that the Corn laws were not sooner repealed—when Benedict Arnold taunts Washington that the Colonies did not sooner triumph; then, at their side, let Webster taunt the North for want of strength, energy and unanimity in its opposition to Slavery; he, whose boast has been, who has claimed it as a merit with his Southern friends, that he never *introduced* the question in any shape into Congress.

'The North Star is at last discovered.' Who, holding had no hand in the grand discovery. Let him modestly betake himself to the company of Harry Fifth's,

'Gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Who hold their manhood cheap when any speaks
Who fought with us upon'

that glorious forlorn hope, the North against the South, in the slave's cause.

But let us look at the statement itself, that the Wilmot Proviso is unnecessary for New Mexico and California.

1. This was the same argument so commonly used in 1844 to smooth the way for Texan annexation—'it never can be a slave country—naturally unfit for it,' &c., &c. Upon this slaveholders and doughfaces were perpetually harping. We hear nothing of it, now Texas is safely in the Union. Here is one first reason for looking upon such statements as suspicious. It is hardly respectful to hope to catch the world with the *same kind of chaff*.

2. What does Mr. Webster *know* about this vast region, this undiscovered country from which so few travellers have returned? so immense, that he tells us 'a bird cannot fly over it in a week!' He '*supposes*' there is no slave of the real American type (observe, when he wants the worst kind of Slavery, he has to exemplify it as it exists among American Christians!) in California. *He supposes!* Ah, earnest men want more than a politician's 'suppose' for a surety against injustice and wrong. He '*understands*' 'that peonism, *a sort of a* penal servitude, or rather, a sort of *voluntary sale of a man and his* offspring, for debt, exists in some part of California and New Mexico.'

Peonism! what a pretty name! 'A lie may keep its throne a whole age longer, if it shall skulk behind the shield of some fair seeming name.' Voluntary sale of a man's *offspring* for his debt! a trifle! not Slavery, in the Websterian sense! The Roman jurists called it so, (see page 5,) but they were pagans. We will not quarrel on a name; but while fathers sell their children, for indefinite periods, use boys and girls as a basis of the currency, if Mr. Webster 'cannot take the pains to reaffirm the ordinance of Nature and reenact the will of God,' or even the ordinance of 1787, for such a country, we would be exceedingly obliged to him if he would come quietly home and give place to some more active man, who has a microscopic eye for *such trifles*.

Seriously, we hold that in this confession, Mr. Webster surrenders his whole ground. Any 'servitude other than for crime of which the party has been duly convicted,' was hateful to the men of 1

snipes at Marshfield. We want to know Calhoun's opinion on a slave question. It is prudent to watch the enemy's game. Mr. Calhoun, the arch-slaveholder, approves Mr. Webster's principle. He likes 'no artificial line;' he only wants Slavery 'where it would naturally go.' That's enough for us. It is not only right but prudent to learn of the foe.

Slavery not possible in the California territory! Why, then, did the late California Convention, of which sixteen members were from the South, 'with entire unanimity,' as he tells us, insert a prohibition against it? They were *on a spot*, interested in the question, fully informed, and 16 out of the 48 were from the South; yet with entire unanimity, well knowing the storm at home, they took the pains to 'reaffirm the ordinance of Nature and reënact the will of God.' One fact is worth a dozen systems. Among all the inquiries he made and books he read, (p. 23,) did Mr. Webster give its due weight to this *fact* in making up his opinion on the 'physical geography' of the neighboring region *to the South* of this new State?

But 'physical geography,' forsooth! Where has winter been grim enough to fright Slavery away? In Russia? Where has labor been hard enough to tempt a man to work for himself, and make him hate to force another to work for him? In mines? How many mines of various kinds may yet be discovered in that country, to be wrought like the Indian and Brazilian, by slaves? One might as well undertake 'to prophecy,' to use Mr. Webster's words at Springfield, what Whig principles will be next fall, as to say what will be the character of the country or society in New Mexico and California fifty years hence: and he who, with the recent unexpected and most marvellous developments as to gold mines there, undertakes such a task, deserves to have the world laugh at him. But the man or the statesman who will risk the liberty of human beings on such cobweb speculations, deserves other rebuke than ridicule. His folly changes to crime.

Even without mines, 'tillable land,' or cotton plantations, Slavery might still exist in the house, and in many forms of domestic employment, as it did in New England previous to 1780, and thus not only sacrifice the rights of some hundreds of thousands, which, however trifling they may appear to great statesmen, are worth taking pains for, even at the risk of 'wounding the irrational pride of slaveholders': but farther still, such a state of society would inevitably throw that whole region, as the same cause does now throw Maryland and Delaware, into the slave ranks, and thus help the scale of Freedom to kick the beam on every trial.

Suppose there be no 'tillable lands,' no cotton plantations, is Slavery therefore impossible? As we have before remarked, thrice has it heretofore been supposed in this country Slavery was on the point of ceasing. First, it was believed, in 1789, that the prohibition of the trade in 1808 would abolish it; so Mr. Webster avows. Cotton came in, and that fond hope of our fathers proved illusive. Randolph thought, thirty years ago, the system was dying; and so the North deluded itself at the time of the Missouri Compromise. The internal slave trade, and the opening of virgin lands in the southwest, saved it. Of late, half dead, and fearing the future, Texas came in to give it a new lease of life and vigor. So many times, one thing after another, undreamed of by the wise ones, has chanced to save it. The sagacity of its friends has been keener than that of a Pope of Rome to seize the tide at the flood, and guide it on to safety. 'Outgeneralled' (it is Mr. Webster's alternative phrase) so often, shall we leave anything to chance? What did Massachusetts tell her Representatives in 1849? 'To enforce the prohibition, to "the end that Slavery may be perpetually excluded therefrom, *beyond every chance and uncertainty*."' 'Would you have a serpent sting you TWICE?' No! this time we'll 'take a bond of fate, and make assurance doubly sure.'

We look upon all Mr. Webster's pretended grounds for this sudden change of position as made up for the occasion. He is evidently ill at ease, pleading a cause, not stating his real opinion. And it is strange that he should be ill at ease in such work, since, in our opinion, Mr. Webster has never been a statesmen but once in his life, and that was in his conflict with Hayne. On all other occasions, he has been, and has seemed to be, even in the Senate, a mere advocate—now of a tariff, now of a bank, now of this great interest, now of that; and if he was not feed for his arguments, he ought to have been, and seemed to expect to be.

His total surrender of what he so vain-gloriously called, at Springfield, 'his thunder,' and 'the Whig ground,' is flat apostacy, nothing else. Sometimes impatient—too impatient to wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind. If from 1847 to 1850 be a fair specimen of his snail-like progress backwards, impatience is no great crime in any spectator. In the streets, they link his name with Arnold and such humble traitors; but his crime is greater. Nothing, as has been well said by Charles Sumner, resembles it but the deliberate and calculating apostacy of Strafford. It is not, as in Arnold, the surrender of a fort, or the desertion of a single man. Here the proper, and by some younglings the expected, leader of the North, not only leaves the camp, but sets himself, like Strafford, to corrupt with his glozing sophistry the consciences, and hoodwink the eyes of his countrymen, yields up the safety of one race, and uses the influence too generously given him to mould the other into supple and unconscious tools of a Despotism which he is all the while affecting to abhor.—If Slavery sets her foot on the strand of the Pacific, let her thank our Strafford. Mirabeau was bought with gold, but Death took him before he could earn it; Strafford with a peerage, but Puritanism winnowed him and his plots on its inexorable threshing-floor, the scaffold. There is a spirit awake at the North as inexorable as Puritanism or Death; and now, as formerly, God gives to Liberty nothing but victories.

Let no one suppose, from our lengthened criticism of the Wilmot Proviso surrender, that we place any reliance on that Proviso as an efficient barrier against Slavery. We recognize the utility, for various reasons, of contending for it; but above all, we wish to criticise this speech, not as Disunionists, but from Mr. Webster's standpoint.

We come next to Mr. Webster's admission of there being just grounds of Southern complaint against the North. And here is another of those suspicious and sudden changes of opinion. How busy the distinguished gentleman must have been the last twelvemonth! How much he has learned! It is just a year since he dared Mr. Butler to bring against Massachusetts any charge of transgression of the Constitution, and proclaimed his readiness to defend her. Since then, either his valor has oozed away, or he has got melancholy information of the truth of Mr. Butler's charges!

The free States have never passed a law which their best lawyers did not deem consistent with the Constitution; and the moment the Federal Court, most unexpectedly, in the Prigg case, announced a new view of the relations of the States to this question, they conformed their legislation exactly to its decision. Northern courts have, with a cruel fidelity, we think, carried out the edicts of the central Judiciary. Individuals, it is true, to their honor be it said, have (with here and there a few exceptions, to which we now add the name of Daniel Webster,) refused to 'bewray him that wandereth.' Yet against Courts and Legislatures, as well as private citizens, Mr. Webster endorses this wholesale slander, which lacks only truth to be a compliment.

The only point in this part of the speech that interests us, is the innutterable baseness of the slave-hunt pledge. It is indeed true, as we have always argued, that all who swear to support the Constitution are bound not only to submit to the return of fugitive slaves, but to aid in it, if necessary. All honor to Mr. Webster's consistency on this point; and as he exhibits none on any other, and very little here, we are the more scrupulous to pay him his due credit, to the uttermost farthing. The difference of conduct of different men on this point of surrendering fugitive slaves has been quite remarkable. Some, with Adams and Channing, cut the Gordian knot, by frankly declaring that, though sworn to the Constitution, *this* they will not do; a course defensible neither in a court of law, nor one of morals. Others, with Giddings and his friends, evade the question, and, while admitting the general constitutional obligation, are very shy of telling us what they themselves would do in the matter. Thanks to Mr. Webster for his plain, unvarnished villany. Villain, gentle reader, is none too harsh a name for a man who professes his readiness to return fugitive slaves. Our good Saxon tongue was made for use, not to be laid up in dictionaries. It is rich indeed in its capacity for rebuking sin, but alas! the Saxon race far outdoes it in its capacity for sinning.

Mr. Webster professes his entire readiness to carry out this provision of the Constitution. He is no common man, whose pledge will, like himself, be forgotten in a day. His name is to float down the tide of time. The 'terrible memory' of the Abolitionists will fix side by side with that name on the page of history this shameful confession. If God permits him to live, he will have ample time to appreciate, as the world advances, the foul blot he has ineffaceably made on the sun of his fame. It will be but a poor excuse for his biographer to urge that he squared his morality by the statute book of his time! As 'nice customs curtesy to great kings,' so truly great men, far more truly good ones, refuse to be 'confined within the weak list of a country's fashion.' Besides, he saw the truth clearly enough when he got beyond the smoke of his own prejudices, and was looking at Kossuth, and not at a negro. Then he could summon to his side against Russia, 'the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.' 'Let not any one imagine,' he said, 'that mere force can subdue the general sentiment of mankind. Gentlemen, if the blood of Kossuth is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of national law, what will it appease—what will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth—it will mix with the waters of the ocean—the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the heads of those violators of national law and justice.' Put the name of Douglass, Brown, or Ellen Crafts in place of Kossuth, and we commend this fine sentiment to Mr. Webster's mature consideration. We appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober,' from Mr. Webster at Washington, with the gewgaws of office tinkling in his ears, to Mr. Webster at home, counting on that honorable fame, the approbation of good men in time to come; or longing for that self-respect, so valued in one's last years, when as Kent says, 'we begin to act more from a sense of duty and less from any feeling of ambition.' Who can blame us for detesting that Moloch Constitution to which the fair fame of our statesman is sacrificed! Is not the very weakest-minded Charity obliged to confess that its favorite has loved Liberty and Justice less, and idolized the parchment more?

But there is something further to be urged on this point. Full half of the villany is volunteered, utterly gratuitous. Mr. Webster proclaims his readiness to support not only the Constitution, but the atrocious provisions of Mr. Mason's bill. This proposes to surrender any colored person claimed as a slave, without requiring anything but *prima facie* evidence of his being so—admitting affidavits as well as oral testimony, thus wholly debarring the victim of any opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses against him—refuses jury trial, and allows any one of the forty thousand postmasters in the Union to authorize the transportation of an inhabitant of Massachusetts to New Orleans, to have it tried there, friendless, alone and helpless as he will be, whether he was born in Massachusetts, or had escaped there! All these objectionable features might be removed, and yet the Constitution faithfully observed. There is nothing in the Constitutional provision which forbids the regulating of the whole process of slave surrender by all the jealous forms of *habeas corpus, jury trial, &c.*, which the experience of ages shows to be indispensable for the protection of freemen who might be mistaken for slaves; on the contrary, the Constitution, fairly interpreted, requires the observance of a trial by jury. Without the slightest pretext of legal or constitutional obligation, therefore, without any reason in common sense, Mr. Webster volunteers his support of all these thoughtless and cruel and dangerous regulations. Our fathers thought it high crime enough to put it into the Declaration of Independence, that George III. intended to transport the colonists to England for trial. To Hancock or Adams England was next door, compared with the infinite and hopeless distance of New Orleans from Boston to any free colored man, whom this cruel and loose law has left to be mistakenly or maliciously carried there, to be melted into the indistinguishable mass of slaves, and have the question of his Massachusetts birth tried at some white claimant's leisure!

If a horse be claimed from his owner at Marshfield, it is no insuperable objection to a jury trial, and the requiring of fair evidence of ownership on the part of a Southern claimant, that it will much delay the gentleman! But let one of the chivalry claim a man, and the old barriers must down, lest he be compelled to tarry overlong, and be inconvenienced! Does Mr. Webster remember his conclusive demonstration, years ago, that the simplest governments were the most despotic: and his entreaty that our countrymen would be patient, and willing to give time and take trouble; such was the only security for free institutions! The colored men of the North, whose right he is jeoparding, whose children cannot play in the streets with such laws over their heads, beg of him to 'reck his own reed,' and be as tender of liberty now. 'The spirit of liberty,' then, said he, 'is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit, ... a two-fold war.' Such sights are twenty millions of people, professedly Christian and republican, of whom their oldest and ablest statesman leaves it as his last word, that 'slaveholding, slave-breeding, *and slave-trading form the whole foundation of the policy of their government*:' a war like that against Mexico to extend the accursed system: a speech like his own, volunteering to head the forty thousand underlings of such a government in their hunting of fugitive slaves; three million of unhappy men and women compelled to be vile, to live in promiscuous concubinage, reduced to the level of brutes. 'I looked, and there was none to help,' for those mighty intellects which God had given as leaders of their age, were either cajoled by the promises or awed by the threats of wicked men, prostituting their gifts 'to make the worse appear the better reason;' grinding voluntarily and gladly in the mills of the Philistines. Compared with such scenes, mere common wars are brave and noble games. What can be a sadder sight, or a greater evil, than beings whom God intended to be great, becoming panders to the lowest vices of others? Nothing, except a nation contented to be led by such. Welcome any storm that is *necessary* to destroy the seeds of such a pestilence!

But there is something further to be urged on this point. Full half of the villany is volunteered, utterly gratuitous. Mr. Webster proclaims his readiness to support not only the Constitution, but the atrocious provisions of Mr. Mason's bill. This proposes to surrender any colored person claimed as a slave, without requiring anything but *prima facie* evidence of his being so—admitting affidavits as well as oral testimony, thus wholly debarring the victim of any opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses against him—refuses jury trial, and allows any one of the forty thousand postmasters in the Union to authorize the transportation of an inhabitant of Massachusetts to New Orleans, to have it tried there, friendless, alone and helpless as he will be, whether he was born in Massachusetts, or had escaped there! All these objectionable features might be removed, and yet the Constitution faithfully observed. There is nothing in the Constitutional provision which forbids the regulating of the whole process of slave surrender by all the jealous forms of *habeas corpus, jury trial, &c.*, which the experience of ages shows to be indispensable for the protection of freemen who might be mistaken for slaves; on the contrary, the Constitution, fairly interpreted, requires the observance of a trial by jury. Without the slightest pretext of legal or constitutional obligation, therefore, without any reason in common sense, Mr. Webster volunteers his support of all these thoughtless and cruel and dangerous regulations. Our fathers thought it high crime enough to put it into the Declaration of Independence, that George III. intended to transport the colonists to England for trial. To Hancock or Adams England was next door, compared with the infinite and hopeless distance of New Orleans from Boston to any free colored man, whom this cruel and loose law has left to be mistakenly or maliciously carried there, to be melted into the indistinguishable mass of slaves, and have the question of his Massachusetts birth tried at some white claimant's leisure!

If a horse be claimed from his owner at Marshfield, it is no insuperable objection to a jury trial, and the requiring of fair evidence of ownership on the part of a Southern claimant, that it will much delay the gentleman! But let one of the chivalry claim a man, and the old barriers must down, lest he be compelled to tarry overlong, and be inconvenienced! Does Mr. Webster remember his conclusive demonstration, years ago, that the simplest governments were the most despotic: and his entreaty that our countrymen would be patient, and willing to give time and take trouble; such was the only security for free institutions! The colored men of the North, whose right he is jeoparding, whose children cannot play in the streets with such laws over their heads, beg of him to 'reck his own reed,' and be as tender of liberty now. 'The spirit of liberty,' then, said he, 'is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit, ... a two-fold war.' Such sights are twenty millions of people, professedly Christian and republican, of whom their oldest and ablest statesman leaves it as his last word, that 'slaveholding, slave-breeding, *and slave-trading form the whole foundation of the policy of their government*:' a war like that against Mexico to extend the accursed system: a speech like his own, volunteering to head the forty thousand underlings of such a government in their hunting of fugitive slaves; three million of unhappy men and women compelled to be vile, to live in promiscuous concubinage, reduced to the level of brutes. 'I looked, and there was none to help,' for those mighty intellects which God had given as leaders of their age, were either cajoled by the promises or awed by the threats of wicked men, prostituting their gifts 'to make the worse appear the better reason;' grinding voluntarily and gladly in the mills of the Philistines. Compared with such scenes, mere common wars are brave and noble games. What can be a sadder sight, or a greater evil, than beings whom God intended to be great, becoming panders to the lowest vices of others? Nothing, except a nation contented to be led by such. Welcome any storm that is *necessary* to destroy the seeds of such a pestilence!

Of Mr. Webster's most non-committal (and unspoken) reference to imprisonment of Northern seamen in Southern ports, what need that we say anything? Not able, truthfully, to show one instance in which any Northern Legislature has refused any part of its duty in regard to fugitive slaves—and Clay himself having just confessed that no slaveholder had brought his case before a Northern court without obtaining just judgment and ample damages—Legislatures and Courts being thus cleared of all blame; yet on the North's want of duty in refusing to surrender slaves, he declaims majestically, all fire and energy, direct and unmistakeable! But Southern men defying the Constitution, killing freemen in unhealthy jails, or chaining them in slave gangs, is *irritating, inconvenient! seems* impracticable and oppressive! Of Mr. Hoar's 'being kicked backed,' in Curran's phrase, 'into the mass of his fellow-slaves,' he only finds time to print, not say, that 'the effort was well intended.' Not a word in defence of Massachusetts when injured and insulted, *unconstitutionally*. All his rhetoric having been spent in comforting Carolina for the Constitution's not having done her all she thought it should, he has only a few tame adjectives left for the acknowledged and palpably unconstitutional wrongs of his own constituents! Verily, this is oratory 'in a monstrous little voice,' 'roaring as gently as any sucking dove.'

We care little for Mr. Webster's notion about State instructions. But we may as well remark, in passing, that here is another of those suspicious changes of opinion, since very different was the tone in which he spoke of 'one set of public servants giving instructions to another,' &c., in the well-known speech wherein he criticised President Jackson's protest against a resolve of the Senate. Then he could see the 'Senate as representing the States, and athorized to lift its voice against anything derogatory to the rights of the States.' Then he could sneer at one, in that Congress, seen to be instructed by his constituents, and 'refusing to obey because he did not find on the list the majority of the party that elected him.' Then he could appreciate and describe the character of a Representative on this wise,—(we ask Mr. G. S. Hillard's attention)—'We have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice, breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon, with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting through all its disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel which he guards? Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty, this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it, this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the Constitution from any quarter, this defence of established landmarks, this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them, all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature, and of which it cannot be deprived without converting an active, intelligent and faithful agent of the people, into an unresisting and passive instrument of power. A representative body which gives up these rights and duties, gives itself up. It has broken the tie between itself and its constituents, and henceforth is fit only to be regarded as an inert, self-sacrificed mass, from which all appropriate principle of vitality has departed forever.'

Abolition Societies Mr. Webster does 'not think useful'! He 'thinks their operations the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable.' That they have produced this speech, does not, perhaps, in the opinion of many, disprove this assertion. Yet we think it does; for this speech will do more to open the eyes of the North to the rottenness of politicians, than almost anything else could have done. We may, however, remind Mr. Webster that Congress has done nothing yet, this session, but copy the slips these despised Abolition Societies have set for it; that they have so wrought as to make the slave question, like Aaron's rod, swallow up all others on the political arena,—have made his, and Clay's, and Benton's political life seem mere boy's play, compared with the struggle for life and death, which they are preparing to force on all sections of the nation; that, prompted by the example, and sustained by the labors of such Societies, and gilded with their approbation, the last ten heroic years of Adam's life, as a mere Representative, not only eclipsed all the glory of his Diplomatic and Executive services, but blotting from popular recollection an odium such as no other public man ever encountered, changing gall into sweetness, sent him to his grave covered with love, laments, and blessings, which any public man but Washington might envy.

Nothing can exceed the tameness and pusillanimity with which Mr. Webster passes over the great and most just ground of Northern complaint, the unconstitutional acquisition of so much Southern territory since 1803, by which the whole character and destiny of this Union has been changed. He has again and again recognized the inestimable importance of this, from the time he drew the Boston Missouri Memorial in 1820, to when he dictated part of the Boston Texas Address in 1845; yet now he quite sinks it out of sight, slurs it, though he calls it the 'first and gravest,' despatches it in twenty lines, and afterwards states that all these grievances can be 'redressed.' We should like much to know how he proposes to redress the downhill and disgraceful history of the last twenty years, whenever this question of Slavery has touched on national politics? Can he blot out the sad record of Clay's mischievous compromises, or our slave-begging diplomacy in almost every court of Europe? Can he blot out his own coward silence on the floor of the Senate? Can he even turn aside the dark shadow that is stealing over the mirror of the Republic, if Slavery ever gets footing in the boundless West?

The last point we shall touch on is the proposal to colonize the free blacks. And here again is another of those sudden and suspicious changes of sentiment. Common report long ago attributed to Mr. Webster the sagacity of having seen through the humbug of the Colonization scheme, and of having quietly denounced it, as only a trick of the slaveholders to render their remaining property more quiet, valuable and secure. We are not aware that he has ever since been seen on its platform, either in Washington or elsewhere. But we all live and learn, and the last twelvemonth has been harvest time to our Statesman.

'If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt *any proposition* to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, they have my free consent that the government shall pay them any sum of money out of its proceeds, which may be adequate to the purpose.'

To our fathers' opinion of transporting men across the ocean *for trial*, we have alluded. Mr. Webster proposes to transport *for life* men as much entitled as he to all the privileges of American citizens, and whose toil has done as much, in proportion, as his, to increase the wealth, and whose honest lives have done as much without any reference to *proportion*, to preserve its virtue, promote its welfare, and increase its fame. 'For if (page 30) it were possible for the debates in Congress to vitiate the principles of the people as much [as its temptations have corrupted its members] I should cry out, God gave the republic.'

There is no fear, though, of any effect upon the public from this part of the speech. Before the North so far forgets even political economy, not to say justice and Christianity, as to vote money to colonize Southern working-men, it will be easy to carry a law in the Massachusetts Legislature 'to relieve ourselves' of wanderers from New Hampshire 'at any expense adequate to the purpose.'

In relation to Mr. Webster's melancholy picture of the terrible effects of 'secession,' we take the liberty of telling him that there are sadder sights than that of 'spheres and heavenly bodies jostling against each other in the realms of space,' 'of a great Constitution rushing away under the influence of a vernal sun,' or even of 'a two-fold war.' Such sights are twenty millions of people, professedly Christian and republican, of whom their oldest and ablest statesman leaves it as his last word, that 'slaveholding, slave-breeding, *and slave-trading form the whole foundation of the policy of their government*:' a war like that against Mexico to extend the accursed system: a speech like his own, volunteering to head the forty thousand underlings of such a government in their hunting of fugitive slaves; three million of unhappy men and women compelled to be vile, to live in promiscuous concubinage, reduced to the level of brutes. 'I looked, and there was none to help,' for those mighty intellects which God had given as leaders of their age, were either cajoled by the promises or awed by the threats of wicked men, prostituting their gifts 'to make the worse appear the better reason;' grinding voluntarily and gladly in the mills of the Philistines. Compared with such scenes, mere common wars are brave and noble games. What can be a sadder sight, or a greater evil, than beings whom God intended to be great, becoming panders to the lowest vices of others? Nothing, except a nation contented to be led by such. Welcome any storm that is *necessary* to destroy the seeds of such a pestilence!

'What is it to remain American?' In our opinion, that portion of the Confederacy which clings to the great American idea of 'taking the pains to re-enact,' ay, and practice, so plain a law of God as that 'ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.'

'What am I [Daniel Webster] to be?' That will depend upon where you stand; whether on Plymouth rock, rebuking, at no great cost of moral courage, the slave trade;—'beneath the October sun of the Old Dominion,' pandering to her vices in order to elect Mr. Harrison to the Presidency;—or on the Senate floor, 'liberally, kindly, or very weakly out-generalled' on the slave question in all its shapes.

'How is each of the thirty States to defend itself?' Massachusetts has none of that population which Mr. Arnold of Tennessee describes 'as ready to rise and strike for freedom at the first tap of the drum'—none of that class, of whom Madison said, 'that every addition to its number only tends to weaken a State, and render it less capable of self-defence, and which is a means rather of inviting attack than repelling invasion.' As for foreign foes, she points to Lexington and Bunker Hill, where she fought alone, and to all the other battle-fields of the Revolution, on each of which stood more Massachusetts men than could be found there from all the then six Southern States together.

'Shall we dismember this great country, and astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government?' Is it not pertinent to reply, why not as well do so as to disgust Europe, and outrage the moral sense of the world, and retard the hopes of the race, by the sight of a republic, 'of which,' as Adams said, 'the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of Slavery is the vital and animating spirit?'—by the sight of a slave voyage, like our own to Mexico, to extend and re-establish Slavery, a crime, 'such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government?'

'What is to become of the army and navy?' We shall at least need neither to put down slave insurrections, or conquer new fields for slaveholders.

'What is to become of the public lands?' They will be *free*, beyond the possibility of even Websters and Winthrops to trick them into being slave States.

'Where is the line to be drawn?' Just there, where men are so much ashamed of their sins as to be unwilling to stand before the world responsible for setting up a republic on the basis of Slavery;—just there, where men, unlike Mr. Webster, love Slavery less, and Union with Massachusetts, Ohio and Liberty more.

'Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower?' What fustian is all this! 'Liberty first, and Union afterwards,' said Patrick Henry. '*Ubi Libertas, ibi patria*,' ('where freedom dwells, there is my country,') was Franklin's motto. 'If the breach in the Constitution cannot be healed, LET DISCORD REIGN FOREVER,' said England's Demosthenes, Lord Chatham. How poor and tame beside these seem the idle questions of our Demosthenes!

In conclusion, Mr. Webster indulges in a poetic flight as to the Union:—'It is a great, popular, constitutional Government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them; they live and stand upon a Government popular in its form, representative in its character [twenty-five of its Representatives represent slaves, who never lifted hand to choose them; of half the Senate he addressed, the same might be said:—four million out of twenty excluded from all voice in the laws by which they are bought and sold!]—founded upon principles of equality, [four million slaves at the South, and the North has never, he himself says, exercised its rightful majority five times in the whole history of the Government—very equal?] and calculated, we hope, to last forever. In all its history, it has been beneficent: [witness, all Indians, Negroes and Mexicans!]—it has trodden down no man's liberty;—

'[How full of weight—how clear, how bold—
The big round lie, with manly courage told!']

it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; ['the *propagation, preservation* and *perpetuation* of Slavery is the vital and animating spirit of the National Government'—J. Q. ADAMS]—its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown' [witness the Mexican war!]

And this, then, is the end of the political career of DANIEL WEBSTER! Thirty years ago, he spoke brave words at the Rock about that 'work of hell,' the slave trade, and eulogized the 'religious character of our origin'—praying that he might leave to those who should come after him, 'some proof of his attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a *sincere and ardent desire* to promote everything which could enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men;'—and this is the result! Verily,

'His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.'

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1850.

Mason's Bill.

The most atrocious legislation that is contemplated at this time is that comprehended in Mr. Mason's proposed Bill for the easier recapture of fugitive slaves. It may contend, indeed, for the pre-eminence of badness with the proposed non-legislation which is to give Slavery the new world which it has long sighed to conquer; but in absolute, downright, unblushing, unmistakeable, outspoken villainy, it stands by itself. Indeed, the one may be regarded as the complement of the other. Both together make up the grand "*Statesmanship*" of the present hour. Statesmanship, in this country, being always to be interpreted the most ingenious and plausible method of letting the Slaveholders have their own way. And of this kind we have had a glut ever since we cast in our lot with them. Machiavelli, himself, might take a leaf with advantage out of our book. and "the Prince" should not be regarded as complete until it has had "the People" added by way of Appendix. It was born in the Convention that formed the Constitution and has been continued in an undying succession, like a line of immortal kings or Grand Lamas, from Madison and Hamilton down to Clay and Webster.

This matter of the extradition of fugitives was the collar which the North consented to put round her own neck as the sign of vassalage, at the time she entered that House of Bondage. Before that time all her instincts and sympathies were on the right side. The fugitive escaping was welcome and safe; it was the master that had to turn his pursuit into flight, to avoid the fate to which by the Lynch code of those days he succeeded the stamp-distributors and Customs' Collectors of the days before the Revolution. It was felt to be a disgrace and a degradation, and many of the spirits of that age thought the advantages of the Union dearly purchased at this price. But it was agreed upon. The pound of flesh was put into the bond. The Act of 1793 provided the process by which this provision should be carried into effect. The scales and the knife were put into the hand of the Slaveholding Jews and their right to use them recognized.

"The Court awards it and the law doth give it!" And for many years it was rendered with scarce a murmur of remonstrance, except from the proscribed race which bore upon their brows the mark which was the sign of the condition of the victims. Any demonstration of emotion on their part was self-complacently put down by the law-abiding people of the North, who seemed verily to think that they were doing a God-pleasing and patriotic act in restoring these poor escaped wretches to their prison-house again. "I thought this was a land of *liberty*," was the expostulation, on one of these occasions, of a slave as he was delivered up to his tyrant. "It is," was the reply of the venerable Judge who for near fifty years performed this Constitutional obligation for Massachusetts, "it is; but it is also a land of LAW!" And all applauded the wisdom as well as the point of the reply.

And in this condition the morality of the North remained, until the Anti-Slavery agitation came forth to preach the first elements of the Gospel of Humanity. Then this provision was put to the test of legal analysis, and Judges, though no Portias, were found to pronounce that though the law gave the Jew his pound of flesh, it was upon the condition that he took it with no jot more or less. The *ipso facto* emancipation of all slaves brought into a Free State by the act of the master was solemnly adjudged. This was followed by the enactment of laws giving a trial by jury to persons claimed as slaves. And the whole matter was put into the true Constitutional shape by the decision of Justice Story in the case of Prigg; by which the right of the master to pursue and seize his slave wherever he may find him, and to carry him back to his service, as he might his stray ox or ass, was established; his right to be proved, in case of forcible resistance, before certain United States officers or State magistrates, provided the States would permit their acting in the premises. The States, many of them, under this supreme decision, having forbidden their judicial or executive officials to take any part in this dirty work, or their jails to be used as the depositories of Southern property *in transitu*, the recovery of Slaves in any of the Northern States, excepting those on the very frontier of Slavery, became next to impossible. In Massachusetts, there has been no attempt to carry back an escaped slave, except by kidnapping, since the case of Latimer. And we believe the same is true as to most of the States, except as above excepted. Or, at least, the attempts which have been made have been so often baffled that it is probable, it will not be possible hereafter to buy or sell a slave "running" if his course be directed towards the North Star.

Now one would think this not a bad state of things. The highest tribunal of the country, a majority of the Judges being Slaveholders, solemnly adjudges this provision of the Constitution to mean as just recited, and the States whose conduct is complained of follow this ruling strictly in their legislation. This would seem to be "Constitutional" enough for the most patriotic of our countrymen. But the Southern brokers in flesh and blood, who had rejoiced over this decision as did Shylock over that of the young doctor from Padua declaring him entitled to the full penalty of his bond, were as much dismayed as he when they found that they were virtually deprived of the benefit of it by the denial of the means necessary to obtain it.

"Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, or more,
But just a pound of flesh;—if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate."

But the aggrieved parties not being helpless, like Shylock, their wrath has boiled over in this bill of Mr. Mason, by which every tidewaiter, exciseman, or *clerk*, as well as every Judge and Marshal, is erected into a tribunal of ultimate appeal, to decide on the highest and dearest of human rights. And that the ramifications of this new Judiciary System may run into every town in the land, every country postmaster is invested with judicial functions which are too great to be confided to the hands even of a Hale or a Mansfield.

That the Slaveholders should clutch at any such scheme is not at all surprising. It is the regular course of their policy to scruple at no means and to overbear all opposition. But when the great Defender of the Constitution steps out of the arena in which he has challenged the world so long, and undertakes to be an Amender of the Constitution, by making it worse than the Slaveholding Bench had made it, and declared his intention of voting for this abomination, nothing but a long acquaintance with his political life and a careful study of its obliquities can prevent an emotion of surprise. This newest and basest profligacy is at once an act of servility to the South, and of insult to the North such as none but a great American "Statesman" could accomplish. To "hint a fault" on the part of the North for not having done more than the Supreme Court had declared it was constrained to do, is a kick which Mr. Webster (though certainly *no Ass*) would scarcely have ventured to bestow upon the poor Lion at home if it had not lost all its spirit, if not its health and strength. It is in this point of view, of the indignity offered to the Free States, and of the readiness which it will or will not develope in the Northern members to give it point and direction by their votes, that this proposition is most worthy of watching. It is a test which has shown the base metal of which one of our Idols is made, that men try to palm off upon us as a Golden Image set up that all may fall down and worship it. It has also proved the touchstone to prove the truer metal of Mr. Seward, and will be rich in developements every day, until it is removed either by success or defeat.

We do not apprehend any very great practical difference in the safety of the fugitives from bondage. Mr. Seward very justly indicated the impossibility of executing such a law in defiance of the moral sense and public opinion of the people where it was to be enforced. Mrs. Glasse in her celebrated receipts for cooking a hare, prudently premises, "first, *catch* your hare!"—This will be a very essential element in the formula for roasting the poor frightened hares that come flying to us from the blood-hounds of the South. Luckily, the Slave must be *caught*, first, before he is served up to the tables of the Southern Ogres, by the culinary skill of Northern gaugers and post-masters. And here is where, we apprehend, even the eloquence of Mr. Webster will fail to persuade, "charm he never so wisely." The people of the North can never unlearn the lessons they have been taught for the last twenty years. Mr. Webster may turn Slave-catcher, as he intimates it is his duty to do, but we conceive that even his example is not enough to blazon this evil deed or consecrate this crime. Law or no Law, Constitution or no Constitution, it will be infamous to the end of time in these Northern States to be concerned in the capture or rendition of a Slave. Much as Mr. Webster may regret it, this much change has come over the decent portion of the Northern People. It has been brought about, as he intimates, by the agitation of the Abolitionists. He may consider it their shame, but they account it their glory, and a main encouragement to go on as they have begun. And they are not afraid to abide the decision of God, of their own consciences, of foreign nations, or of future ages, as to the wisdom and virtue of their course.—E. Q.

HON. HENRY CLAY, *U. S. Senator*—Sir: In your speech on your "Compromise Resolutions," I find the following remarkable language:

"From the commencement of the Revolution down to the present time, we have constantly reproached our British ancestors, for the introduction of Slavery into this country,—and, allow me to say, that in my opinion, it is one of the best defences which can be made to preserve the institution, that it was forced upon us, against the *wishes* of our ancestors, our *own Colonial* ancestors, and by the cupidity of our British commercial ancestors."

From the time that Jefferson drew up an article for the Declaration of Independence—which, however, (doubtless for good reasons) did not appear there—this assertion has been repeated so often without contradiction, that even honorable men—yourself among the number—have received it as true. Three years ago, nearly, in a correspondence with S. E. Morse, co-editor of the "*New York Observer*" a religious paper of great respectability and extensive circulation, I demonstrated, both from the nature of the case and from the *facts*, that it was utterly untrue in every particular. I take the liberty to enclose copies of that correspondence, not doubting that you will arrive at the same conclusion, which every candid mind must adopt, and hoping from your admitted frankness and magnanimity, that, as you have, in open session, and in your place in the Senate, repeated this unfounded assertion, you will in the same place make the necessary correction

This correspondence consists of

1st. A letter from Mr. Morse, which originally appeared in a respectable newspaper in Edinburgh. I first saw it many months afterwards in the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

2d. Are four letters in reply, written at different periods as I could snatch leisure from a laborious and engrossing employment. These form a consecutive series, which I have cut out of the paper in which they appeared, for the convenience of transmission, and that your attention be not drawn aside by adjacent irrelevant matter. So far as I know, no rejoinder to my reply has been attempted in any quarter.

You have placed the proposition in that manly and direct form in which it can be met with equal directness, with *us* at the North, the advocates of wrong are accustomed to clothe their propositions in dubious terms, rendering their analysis and refutation more laborious. "Introduce" and "forced" are *your* terms. "*Entailed*" is the especial favorite in this quarter. This seems to be employed to cover two distinct ideas, to wit: your direct and straightforward one, and if driven from that, to assert that the *refusal* of the British Government to sign certain acts of one or more of the Provincial Legislatures, either to regulate or suppress the Foreign trade in Slaves, necessarily entailed Slavery upon us.

The first of these assertions it would be sheer affectation to profess to doubt that I have completely put down. Leaving out of view the mere trash of Mr. Morse's letter as scarcely worth your attention, I cite the instances of South Carolina Virginia, and above all the History (by an American Historian) of the introduction of Slavery into Georgia. This last in my judgment covers the whole ground, and is invaluable, giving clearly the *facts*, and *showing* the *animus* of *Slavery*.

There is some color of evidence for the other proposition showing, what I am willing to admit, that Great Britain, so far as profit, or supposed commercial profit was concerned was *an accessory after the fact*, was so far, *particeps criminis*. So far as the main question is concerned, whether that be in the form of "introduced" "forced upon us" or even "entailed" in any recognizable sense, no particle of the evidence when analyzed in connection with our own conduct is worth one straw.

For observe, Sir, that from 1776 to 1788, though we had the whole matter *under our own control*, I can discover no evidence to show any attempt to carry out any of these measures,

tors, a week or two ago, pronounced Mr. Phillips as a not good enough Abolitionist for them, will rejoice to find itself in unity with the rigid Presbyterianism of the *Journal of Commerce*, at least, in one thing—a disapprobation of his "mistaken zeal."

Being infidel, however, to a great many things that both *Journal* and *Register* believe in, we venture to differ from them also in our estimate of the value of Mr. Phillips' Anti-Slavery efforts, and therefore copy from *The Liberator* the article which has called forth so unequivocal a compliment from our Wall-street neighbor.

EXTENDING THE AREA.—The Legislature of Missouri has memorialized Congress asking a removal of certain Seneca and Qwapaw Indians now inhabiting a district of county whose boundaries are described as running from "S. W. of Missouri to the Neosho river, up that stream to its junction with Spring River, then up the Neosho 25 miles, then east to State line 25 miles."—This is north of 36 deg. 30 min., and is almost as large a tract of land as the whole of Rhode Island. Of course Missouri wants to re-annex it, and it is not likely the General Government will let slip so favorable an opportunity to "signalize the genius of our institutions" as occurs here, where the Indians may be exterminated, and a new market secured for negro-slaves at one and the same time. It will give the act a zest too to do it in spite of the Compromise line.

The Natchez (Mississippi) *Courier*, notices the sojourn in that city of Nessim Bar Shemalah, one of a party of Jewish missionaries, who have travelled from Persia to raise money in different parts of the world, to liberate a large body of their brethren, including some Christians, said to amount to twenty thousand souls, who are at present held in Slavery in the Persian Empire, and who can only be liberated upon the payment of a ransom.—*City Paper.*

We have no doubt Nessim Bar Shemalah will meet with ample success in his pious mission, though were he called black Pompey, and his purpose was to solicit funds for the redemption of his people in the Empire of South Carolina, the *Natchez Courier* would notice his 'sojournment' in that city, on the tree that happened to be nearest his landing place. We should like to see even Frederick Douglass canvass the New York Churches, and see who would get the most money in a given time, for the liberation of their respective brethren. Ready welcome enough for Nessim and his twenty thousand Persian slaves; but alas! for Frederick and the three millions of bondmen in the bosom of this Church.

MR. WEBSTER'S CORRECTION.—That it may be seen precisely how far Mr. Webster's denial of adapting his speech to the prejudices of the readers of different latitudes goes, we copy the correction of the *National Intelligencer*. That paper says of the omitted paragraph.

"We are authorized to say that Mr. Webster did not revise the speech for the *National Intelligencer* or the *Union*, nor did he read a word of the report of it before it was published in both these papers. We are further authorized to say, that in all the reports of the speech revised by Mr. Webster, whether intended for the North or the South, the above paragraph was contained: and that all reports seen or examined by him have been made to be exactly alike one to another."

It is not denied here, it will be observed that he did insert in the copy sent to the *Boston Courier* the passage relating to the imprisonment of northern citizens at the South and the fruitless and ignominious mission of Mr. Hoar to South Carolina; nor is it denied that *that passage was omitted* in the speech as delivered in the Senate. The *Intelligencer's* assertion may be perfectly true—that Mr. Webster made all the speeches that he revised alike; but then he probably took care to revise none but those intended for home reading; for reading South of the line the report of the speech *as spoken* did not need revision. We do not see that the *Intelligencer* helps Mr. Webster in the least out of the dilemma. As its object was to cheat the public into a false belief, it is a wonder that it did not do it more skilfully.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.—"We have never," says a late No. of the *Richmond* (Va) *Examiner*, "entertained a serious fear for the Union, *because we have always felt certain the* NORTHERN PEOPLE WOULD NOT *stand the ground they have taken*, and because we knew THAT THE SOUTH WOULD." There is text enough in the foregoing for anybody that has a mind to give his neighbors an Anti-Slavery lecture.

New Publications.

THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW *for March.*—We are late in noticing this excellent No. of the Massachusetts Quarterly, and even now have room only for the briefest reference to its pages. Like all that have preceded it it still maintains the character of the best American Review, the only one indeed which is not the organ of some narrow sect, or still narrower clique. The most attractive article in this No. is a review of Emerson by Parker, but in which those who are familiar with the writings of the former would have been glad to see something less of the reviewed and more of the reviewer. It is however a good introduction for beginners in Emerson, while his most ardent admirers can not complain that justice is not done him, as far as he is analyzed.—Judicial Oaths enters upon a subject which it were high time to talk about, presenting a view which we cannot but think all who believe in, and hope for progress will approve.—The Postal system presents its view of the question very clearly, though we are not convinced that all the advantages which result from the post office being in the hands of the Government, may not be retained without conceding that Government has of right a monopoly in mail carrying. We do not believe that postage would have been reduced from eighteen and twenty-five cents to five and ten,—to say nothing of the reduction to two we are hoping for—had it been considered a settled thing that Hale & Co. were trespassers on Government prerogative.—Panslavism, Specimens of German Lyrics, and Two New Trinities complete, with the usual short Reviews, the contents of this No., and each and all are marked with the ability which generally characterize the contributions to the Quarterly.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—Messrs. Scott & Co. have issued the February No. of the *North British* with their invariable punctuality. Its table of contents is as follows: A Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburg on spoiling its beauty; Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture; Pope Joan; Southey's Life and Correspondence; Muller's Treatise on Sin; Hugh Miller's Footprints of the Creator; The Army and its Officers; and Mr. Stuart Wortley's Marriage Bill. Most of which we pronounce worth reading, first, because they are in the *North British*, and secondly, because of their titles, without as yet having any further knowledge of them.

Communications.

Letter from Henry Grew.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has given us an interesting article on the subject which is now agitating the nation. God grant that this agitation may continue until righteousness and humanity shall triumph over injustice and oppression.

The article is a fair type of his talented and vigorous mind. He appears to discern the true nature of this Upas which sends its poisonous miasma throughout our political atmosphere. He understands that the conflict between Liberty and Slavery, "oppugnant elements inherent in our political system animating Constitution," is a conflict between *right* and *wrong*; that "these elements are seeking each other's life," and that "one or the other must die."

Mr. Beecher, in the main, occupies the true position. He has based opposition to Slavery "not upon political reasons (though righteousness is the best policy), but on the great principles of humanity and justice." These principles, however, demand that he should have proposed to Mr. Clay to make "one glowing appeal to the whole nation to take the stand," not merely, "never to vote for the *extension* of Slavery on either side of any line," but never to vote for the *continuance* of it "on either side of any line." If its *extension* is repugnant to humanity and righteousness so is its *existence.* The same sacred principle that forbids a new State for Slavery—(another "dark orb" to "be swung into its orbit to groan and travail in pain" in our political firmament,) equally demands that those which now curse us with their blighting influences should flee away to be found no more forever

Our nominal Union is composed of opposing elements, which can no more combine than the iron and clay of the feet of the prophetic image. Mr. B. denominates them "an Aristocracy and a Democracy." A Despotism and a Democracy is a more truthful definition. The wisdom which is foolishness with God is now travailing to produce what may be justly denominated a monster—a COMPROMISE between righteousness and unrighteousness—Christ and Belial. Despotism lifts up its shameless front and pleads its antiquity, tracing its tyrannical claim to a "Covenant with death," and an "agreement with hell"—a compact or constitution, which, in several of its provisions, is based on acknowledged injustice, and a reckless disregard of all the rights of our portion of our common brotherhood. It throws itself upon its "reserved rights," to rob their fellow-men of *all* rights, and impiously forbids freedom to advance a single step until she allows despotism an equal privilege. To such a compromise true righteousness will not give place by subjection, no not for an hour. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall leave them in derision." If we disregard his counsels of justice, he will dash this nation to pieces as he has others which have cast his cords from them. If his people will not obey his command to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness—if they will not come out from this mystical Babylon and touch not the unclean thing, they must be partakers of her plagues.

Mr. Beecher is disposed to cast the mantle of charity over the original adoption of the compromises of the Constitution in respect to the subject of Slavery, on the ground that these may have been "adopted in the expectation that Slavery would soon be eradicated by the superior vitality of liberty." Sound wisdom would have taught that such a viper could not be nourished in the nation's bosom a moment without a corresponding growth. Such an expectation in favor of future liberty presented no justification of a present striking hands with oppression. It was parleying with Satan. It was falling down and worshipping him in the present, with the hope that we should worship God in the future!

Mr. B. well observes, "but if it was designed" (as it certainly was at least for a time) "that one instrument should enclose the spirit of two theories of government totally adverse, it was the most extraordinary blindness—the most anomalous folly which honest men were ever smitten with! We should as soon look for an agreement by which Christ and Belial should jointly undertake to govern this world!"

Mr. B. however, I regret to be obliged to observe, needs a new anointing, in respect to one important point. At present he sees men as trees walking. His article discloses a discrepancy which alas! goes far to neutralize his excellent testimony against the compromises of selfishness and unrighteousness. After a vivid delineation of the odious and incongruous union of "Democracy and Aristocracy"—Liberty and Slavery—Righteousness and Unrighteousness, &c., he announces, "We shall abide by the Union. No vandal outrage shall *our* hands commit. We shall honor it by obedient lives and consecrate it by our prayers, purify it from the dross of injustice" &c. The last sentence is an ingeniously wrought cloak which partly covers the incongruity of the former, whether so designed or not. Mr. B. however puts the cart before the horse. Let the Union be *first* purified "from the dross of injustice," in robbing three millions of the human brotherhood of all their rights. While this is sustained and perpetrated by the Union, as, in verity, it yet is, to say "we shall abide by the Union," is to say, we shall abide by the compromises of iniquity. It is to give an affirmative answer to that forcible question proposed by Mr. B. to the nation, "*Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye!*" Surely it needs not a tithe of the intellect Mr. B. possesses to discern the moral impossibility of abiding by the American Union and obeying the divine mandate to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

Our brother asks, "ought not christians by all the means in their power, to *preserve the Union?*" "Yes, (he replies,) by all means that are *right.*" Now, in view of the character Mr. B. himself has given of the Union, the plain import of this is, that we may preserve a *great wrong* by all means that are *right.* We must ascertain the character of ends or objects before we talk about means to attain them. If the *end* is not good, no *means* of any character ought to be used to attain it. Mr. B. affirms, that "a union perpetuated by giving way to injustice—a union maintained by obedience to the desires of Slavery—is but a compact of violence." Now, I put the question to Mr. B's. enlightened conscience, is it not a fact that the American Union is *thus* maintained? Is not the union of the North with the South maintained by giving way in the Constitution to the injustice of returning the fugitive slave? Is it not "maintained by obedience to the desires of Slavery," in respect to the compromises of the Constitution relative to that subject? This is undeniable. What then is your position? Certainly it is, that you abide by "a compact of violence" and charge those who will not join with you in this iniquity with committing a "vandal outrage!"

Mr. Calhoun consistently tells the Northern man that "it is idle for a man to profess to love the Union while he fails to observe the constitutional stipulations." So I tell Mr. B. that he contradicts himself when he says that he "will abide by the Union," while he declares "never while I have breath will I help any official miscreant in his base errand of recapturing a fellow-man for bondage." Thus saying, Mr. B. not only dissolves the Union but excuses himself and every other man with being a "miscreant" who abides by it!

Consistency requires Mr. B. to advance or retreat. He has either gone too far or not far enough. It is to be hoped that he will legitimately carry out his own principles and "put Constitution against Constitution—God's against man's." Then he will no longer "abide by the Union," which violates the command of the Most High to "break every yoke" and let "the oppressed go free." Then will he stand forth a true patriot—an advocate of that "RIGHTEOUSNESS" which *alone* "exalteth a nation."

HENRY GREW.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8th, 1850.

Slave-Labor Products.....No. VIII.

THE first impression which follows the perception of an evil, is a feeling of the duty of withdrawing from being its occasion. So clearly motive-giving, as well as indispensable to the existence of Slavery, is the use of the products which it is the purpose of the system to extort from the toil of the slave, that few persons, it is believed, have not had, in their early convincement of the wrong of Slavery, misgivings of the propriety of using those products. Had there been a faithful observance of this first impression, the array of consistent Abolitionists would at this day have been very numerous; exerting a power beyond that now wielded, which different individuals might estimate very differently, but which none could dare deny would be very great. The pure life of John Woolman did more to infuse his views of the wrongfulness of Slavery into the minds of his fellow-members and fellow-coadutrymen, than all his arguments on the subject. When he refused to write a will for an aged and respected friend, because it was intended to contain the devise of a slave, he virtually liberated that slave, and laid the basis for the deliverance of many others. When he refused to touch the spoils of the slave's extorted toil, deep answered deep, heart answered heart, and with scarcely the utterance of words, conviction followed. It is delightful to contemplate the walk through life of this consistently good man, who, being dead, yet "thus speaketh"—"In all our concerns, it is necessary that nothing we do may carry the appearance of approbation of the works of wickedness, make the unrighteous more at ease, or occasion the injuries committed against the oppressed to be more lightly looked over."

This sentiment showed itself in all the movements of the humble, but influential man of whom we have spoken. To what extent other members of the Society of Friends, cotemporary with him, felt it incumbent on them to avoid the use of the products of Slavery, whilst laboring for the purification of their religious community from the stain of slaveholding, we are not sufficiently advised to speak of with certainty. We believe a considerable number were so concerned; yet if only the faithful practice of a few such men as James Mott, David Sands, and Warner Mifflin was added to that of James Woolman, its effect must have been greatly powerful in bringing the members of the Society who held slaves to a sense of the duty of emancipating them. That such examples, whether of some or many, were *necessary* to the effectuation of that end, we entertain the most thorough conviction.

In laboring for the reduction of Slavery, all moral motives and efforts, which we have it in our power to wield, ought certainly to be put forth; and we derogate nothing from any modes for the slave's rescue, but, on the contrary, magnify them, when we use them with hands washed in innocency of the wrong done him. It is an anamoly in the practice of the friends of the slave which ought to be rectified, that, whilst seeking his redemption from Slavery, they are themselves giving the direct motive for the continuance in bondage of tens of thousands of those for whose liberation they are professedly pleading. If they could do nothing more, they should at least withdraw the inducement they give for holding these in that relation. Much more they ought to do, and greatly more they would do, did they sacrifice at the altar of duty, the interests which connect them with Slavery, and make them its tributaries.

Of the efficiency of abstinence as an Anti-Slavery instrumentality, we have a memorable lesson in the history of the British abolition of the African Slave Trade. Whilst the opponents of the trade remained parties to it, by using the products of the labor which it was the purpose of the trade to furnish, they lacked the moral force which was necessary to bring the people and Parliament up to the point of its abolition. Hence, after great efforts by the friends of that measure, but involving no self-denial of the conveniences of Slavery, a motion in Parliament for the abolition of the trade was lost by a large adverse majority. At this humiliating moment, a truth became apparent to the leaders of the benevolent movement, that they themselves were "verily guilty concerning their brother," in that they furnished the motive for the wrongs done him. Perceiving this error, they resolved to abstain from its further commission, and sought to impress a like action on the British people. A book was written for the occasion by William FOX, of London, full of sound argument and just feeling, and from which we extract the following paragraph:

"The legislature having refused to interpose, the people are now necessarily called on, either to reprobate or approve the measure; for West India Slavery must depend upon their support for its existence; and it is in the power of every individual to increase or diminish its extent The laws of our country may indeed prohibit us the sugar-cane, unless we will receive it through the medium of Slavery. They may hold it to our lips steeped in the blood of our fellow creatures; but they cannot compel us to accept the loathsome poison. With us it rests, either to receive it and be partners in the crime; or to exonerate ourselves from guilt, by spurning from us the temptation. For let us not think that the crime rests alone with those who conduct the traffic, or *the legislature*, by which it is protected. If we purchase the commodity, we participate in the crime. The slave-dealer, the slaveholder, and the slave-driver are virtually the agents of the consumer, and may be considered as employed and hired by him to procure the commodity. For, by holding out the temptation, he is the original cause, the first mover in the horrid process; and every distinction is done away by the moral maxim, That whatever we do by another we do ourselves."

This pamphlet went through numerous large editions in the latter half of the year 1791. Our quotation is from the tenth. The veteran Thomas Clarkson in his letter to the Managers of the Philadelphia Free Produce Association of Friends, so late as May, 1846, speaks of it as a work which created a great sensation throughout the kingdom, affecting alike the nobleman and plebian, and by which "a flame was spread such as was never known in England." According to his history, the number who abandoned the use of sugar was no fewer than 300,000 persons. This effect of this abstinence was to bring the same Parliament to a conviction that nothing less than the abolition of the Slave Trade would satisfy the moral demands of the people. It therefore passed a resolution in 1792, by as decisive a majority as the former contrary one, for the abolition of the trade.

Whilst the potency of the abstinence principle was thus demonstrated, its *brief* exertion is a matter of great regret. No sooner had the vote been achieved, than the abstinents began to relax in their self-denial. Had they continued to abstain, it seems probable that the final emancipation in the British Islands, which cost the nation so large an amount of treasure, namely, twenty millions of pounds sterling, would have been achieved at a much earlier period by the free operation of a virtuous principle, "without money and without price." It is even possible that the same principle extending itself to other branches of production, and gathering to its standard fresh supporters, would have given to the growing of cotton by free labor such an impulse, as would in no inconsiderable degree have prevented an increase in the slave-cultivation of that article.

It is not to be forgotten that the next rally of British Abolitionists was preceded by a proclamation of the sinfulness of using the products of Slavery. The admirable pamphlet of Elizabeth Heyrick, "Immediate, not gradual Abolition," issued in 1824, set forth that doctrine in bold and convincing terms, and anew invigorated, by the sense of individual responsibility it inspired, for the conflict which resulted in the abolition of British colonial Slavery. The influence of that book in again bringing Wilberforce into this second conflict for Humanity is well known.

We have before alluded to the great increase in the African slave trade, occasioned by a reduction of the duties on foreign sugars, by which the slave-grown sugars of Brazil and Cuba found an entrance into the British market. Previous to this reduction, Consular despatches represented it as probable that Brazil would have been willing, "as a *quid pro quo* for the admission of her sugar," to accede, in a new treaty, to "the specific mention of some time for the emancipation of her slaves;" the report of the slave-trade Commissioners at Havanna also indicated a growing opposition among the Cuban planters to a continuance of the slave-trade, under the then existing sugar market. Since the reduction, a special committee of Parliament, appointed to consider the best means which Great Britain could adopt for the final extinction of the slave-trade, made a report, in part, as follows:

"That the slave-trade at the present time is equal in regard to extent to what it was during the seven years which preceded its legal abolition by this country, the export of slaves from Africa then averaging 55,000 per annum, the number being now (1847) 84,356; that during the present year (1848) the slave-trade has been in a state of unequal vigor and inactivity, notwithstanding that, from the year 1845 down to the present period, the strength and efficiency of the British preventive squadron, supported by the squadrons of France and the United States, have been raised to a point never before attained; that the total number of negroes liberated by British cruisers in the years 1846 and 1847, scarcely exceed *four per cent.* of the slaves carried off from Africa during these years, though the expenditure connected with their employment is not less than £650,000 per annum; that the sufferings and mortality of slaves in the barracoons and in the middle passage are appalling to humanity, and the intensity of those sufferings and the amount of that mortality are unexampled in the history of the slave-trade—the deaths connected with the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba and Brazil having increased, since the year 1805, from 14 to 25 per cent.; that the traffic with Brazil has been attended with very large profits, and that it is now conducted with an amount of organization, and with a degree of confidence in its success such as has never before been opposed to the efforts of the nations engaged in its suppression; that the extent and activity of the slave-trade, though in some degree affected by foreign interference, and at times restrained by the governments of Spain and Brazil, have been *mainly governed by the demand for the products of slave-labor in the markets of Europe*; and that the admission of slave-grown sugar to consumption in this country has tended, by greatly increasing the demand for that description of produce, so to stimulate the African slave-trade as to render an effectual check more difficult of attainment than at any former period."

The petition of the women of England to the Queen, which is about being presented to her, having 55,000 signatures, contains these memorable sentiments:

"The sugar act was passed in 1846, and the results are before the world; but the good and evil, how disproportionate! There has been a plentiful supply of cheap sugar in the markets of this country, and an increase in the slave-trade of more than 30,000 victims per annum to produce it."

"But are we so dead to feeling as to desire that the homes of Africa should be ravaged to add to the luxury of a British tea-table? Breathes there a woman in our land, who would have her cup sweetened by throwing gall and wormwood into the cup of a fellow creature?"

"As nothing can be more clear than that Slavery is sustained by the purchase of its productions, we propose for ourselves an immediate and wide-spread abstinence from the slave productions of Cuba and Brazil; and in this we venture to hope for the high sanction of your Majesty's example, and that you will be graciously pleased to exclude those productions from the royal household."

"It is true that this principle applies also to the slave-grown cotton of the United States; the source of untold suffering to the bondsmen of that country. Permit us, then, to entreat your Majesty to give such encouragement to the cultivation of free-grown cotton in British India and elsewhere, as shall speedily increase the supply, and enable it to supplant the slave-grown article. We would also respectfully solicit the patronage of your Majesty for those manufacturers who are now introducing free goods into the British market."

"In conclusion, we ardently desire that your Majesty's reign may be signalized by the annihilation of this stupendous crime. Our sable brother lies trampled in the dust, and it cannot be that the women of England would knowingly add to his sufferings, or even pass him by on the other side. If your Majesty would graciously listen to our voice and assist us to act the part of the good Samaritan, the happy consummation for which we pray may yet be realized; and the blessing of him that was ready to perish may mingle with the affectionate congratulations of your Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects."

We shall not expatiate on the cruelties of Slavery—mental or physical. They are necessary to the system. The intelligent buyer of its products is aware of them. The appalling abbreviation of human life in Africa—in the middle passage—on this continent—is a familiar fact. It is easy to show the premature destruction by Slavery, in our own "happy republic," of half a million of souls during a period of thirty years. Slavery is the giant alchymist who converts human bodies into food and clothing. Nor do we need to exhibit the proof, or detail the amount of the free cultivation which exists now, and which being cherished, would so increase as quickly to supply the demands of all who are conscientiously opposed to the holding of slaves by themselves or by proxy. This knowledge has reached the reader through other channels.

In the course of these essays, which we now propose to bring to a conclusion, we have endeavored to show—

1. That the American Anti-Slavery Society, in making no efforts for encouraging the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, has fallen short of performing the important duty in that respect assumed in its splendid Declaration of Sentiments.

2. That to buy and use the products of Slavery is to accomplish the chief motive which the slaveholder has for slaveholding, and is thus to aid and abet crime, which has ever been held to be criminal.

3. That in buying and using these products we so connect ourselves with the crimes known to be enacted to procure them, as to make those crimes ours, under the well-established axiom that "whatever we do by others we do ourselves."

4. That it is our indispensable duty as moral beings to throw the weight of our influence into the scale of virtue, which in this case is to throw it into the scale of voluntary, remunerated labor.

5. That man's self-ownership includes the ownership of the products of his labor, and that to take those products from him against his consent, is to rob him of them.

6. That the relation of slave and slaveholder in no respect changes this natural and paramount ownership; but that the products of the slave's labor, when taken from him by the usurper, are to be regarded as stolen goods.

7. That, yet, much charity is due to the slaveholder who, educated in the belief that slaveholding is right, is fortified in the practice by those who, though they declare it wrong, give him the direct motive for continuing in it.

8. That the Saviour's admonition requiring us first to cast the beam out of our own eye, is especially necessary to those who seek the overthrow of the complicated crime of Slavery.

9. That this test of sincerity is rightfully demanded by the slaveholder, and is requisite to make our moral appeals to him available.

10. That buying and using the goods of Slavery are vital, as well at motive-giving, to the existence of the system,

And finally, that to withhold from Slavery those essential supports, is recommended as well by the practical efficiency of the measure as by its moral propriety.

The objection presented by Adin Ballou to the absolute duty of so abstaining from the use of the products of Slavery, whilst he seems to admit a qualified duty, founded on the flickering doctrine of an "honorable expediency," want the consistency which unchangeable moral truths only can furnish. These objections—with his views regarding the non-proprietorship of slaves and the rules by which the quality of free produce shall be ascertained—are before our readers, and we doubt not will be rightly disposed of by the reflecting among them. To our former remarks on these objections we propose to make a single addition. Our friend's doctrine, that the use of the secondary products of crime is equally sinful with the use of the primary ones, holding MAN-THEFT to be that crime, issues in this result—the primary product of the man-theft is the labor of the man—the secondary product the fruits of the labor of the man—the use of either product is equally sinful.

We here close our defence of a duty which, in our apprehension, is intimately connected with the slave's liberation, and urgently required by the unselfish life which Christianity demands. We commenced and conclude the discussion in a prayerful desire for the *sole* exaltation of TRUTH. Hasten the day when the *pure* and *peaceful* spirit of Messiah's kingdom shall break every yoke! And only as the views contained in these essays shall promote that end, may they find acceptance with the reader.

ALPHA.

General Intelligence.

DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER FOR FREEDOM.

NEW YORK, Wednesday, March 20, 1850.

At a meeting of the New York Pastoral Reform Association, the following preamble and resolution was adopted:

"*Whereas*, A great struggle is now going on in this country between Liberty and Slavery: we therefore recommend that Friday, the 29 instant, be observed as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer to Almighty God, by all the churches and friends of Liberty in this Union, whenever it is practicable that the cause of Freedom may triumph.

HENRY M. WILSON, Secretary.

—From a document just sent to Congress, it appears that the production of wool in this country, during the last year, was 70,000,000 pounds valued at $25,000,000.

—PLANK ROADS.—By a report of the Secretary of the State, it appears that there are 2 017 miles of plank roads in this State, in which there is capital invested to the amount of $3,700,800

—THE CANALS.—There is reason to believe says the *Rochester American*, the Canal Board intend to get the Canal ready for navigation as soon as practicable after the 15th of April.—*Albany Argus.*

—THE WEBSTER WATCH.—Fifteen subscribers, all of them Eastern merchants, have united to purchase the very best plain gold watch that can be got in this city, to be attached to the heavy gold chain already prepared, for presentation to Daniel Webster.

—Professor Bush, of this city, has just published a pamphlet entitled "Letters to a Unitarian; or the Doctrine of the Tri-personality of Jehovah inconsistent with the truth of the Incarnation."

—THE WESTERN CATTLE TRADE.—A letter from Maysville, Kentucky, states that the number of cattle shipped eastward from that place, by way of the Ohio river and Pittsburg, has gradually increased from 1,000 in 1847 to 5,000 in 1849, and that the number shipped thence this year will probably be $20,000.

—An immense Union meeting has been held at St. Louis, at which Mr. Henry S. Green presided. Resolutions were proposed to the effect that the South has good and sufficient ground for complaint against the North in refusing to aid in the capture of fugitive slaves; also in opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, and expressing the belief that all conflicting interests should be harmonized in order to allay the present agitation.

The resolutions are opposed to the Nashville Convention, and all other kindred excitements—as they will only add to the existing difficulties, and so far no serious crisis has arrived to warrant such a convention.

The union of the States was formed in the spirit of commise, and the same should be invoked in settling the present difficulty.

—DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—Madame A. Murat arrived in this city yesterday, in the ship Brunswick, from Havre. This lady has the honor of being the wife of A. Murat, ex-Prince of Naples, and the still greater honor of being the grand-niece of Washington.

She and her husband were quietly residing on their plantation in Florida, when the revolution of '48 changed France from a monarchy to a republic. They went to that country, from whence she now returns.—*N. O. Delta.*

—AND YET ANOTHER.—Bishop de Laney, of the diocese of Western New York, announces in the *Gospel Banner* of the 23d ultimo, that Robert B. Tillotson, a candidate for holy orders, in that diocese, has joined himself in communion with the Catholic Church, while sojourning in Europe for the benefit of his health. Mr. T. is the fifth ecclesiastic who has seceded from the Episcopal Church in New York, within the same number of months.—*Roch. Am.*

—REMOVAL OF FREE NEGROES FROM VIRGINIA.—The bill which had previously passed the Virginia House, appropriating $30,000 per annum to the colonization of the negroes of that State in Africa, is now a law, having passed the Senate, with an amendment which imposes an annual tax of $1 upon every male free negro in the State from 21 to 50 years of age. The fund arising from this source to be appropriated in like manner with the $30,000, unless the Legislature otherwise prescribe.

—SLAVES IN CALIFORNIA.—In looking over the names of the members of the House of Representatives of California, we perceived that of our "ancient friend" John H. Watson, formerly of Columbus, Georgia. Mr. Watson went to California but a very short time previous to the elections there, carrying with him two negro slaves, whom he yet holds as such we believe.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Gazette and Adv.*

—ANOTHER DIVORCE.—A bill providing for a divorce of Mrs. Sallie Ward Lawrence from her husband, T. B. Lawrence of Boston, has passed one branch of the Legislature of Kentucky.

—The Cabinent have decided to offer to William B. Kinne, Esq., Editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, the Sardinian Chargeship.

—President Taylor has recognized Vittorio Sartori, as Sardinian Vice-Consul for the State of Pennsylvania, to reside at Philadelphia.

—"STRIKES" are all the rage just now. The Pittsburgh "pudding" led the way. Almost simultaneously, we hear of similar movements among the laborers on the Central Railroad, in Pennsylvania, the Erie Railroad, and the Virginia Central Railroad. At last New York city has caught the infection. The carpenters made the first movement, and were followed by the house smiths and carvers, and now the coach painters are making an effort to obtain higher wages.

—A CHOP AT THE GALLOWS TREE.—The Senate of Ohio has passed a bill to abolish the Punishment of Death by the following decisive vote:

Ayes—Messrs. Beaver, Berson Blake, Broadwell, Chase, Cunningham, Dimmock, Dubbs, Ferguson, Hendricks, Howard, Lawrence, Lewis, Salter, Simpson, Swift, Vinal and Wilson—13.

Noes.—Messrs. Blocksom, Burns, Conklin, Dennison, Eckley, Harlan, Horton, Myers, Olds, Patterson, Payne and Speaker—12.

It is not yet clear of the House.

—APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Ephraim George Squier of New York, to be Charge d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Guatemala, in the place of Elijah Hise

William C. Rives, of Virginia, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the French Republic, in the place of Rich and Rush, recalled.

Henry S. Sanford, of Connecticut, to be Secretary of the Legation of the United States to the French Republic, in the place of Stephen K. Stanton.

—JOHN JOHNSON has been convicted at Patterson, N. J. of the murder of Judge Van Winkle and his wife, and sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday the 30th of April next. Judge Ogden, after an impressive address, pronounced the following sentence:

Wherefore, all and singular, the premises being seen, and by the Court here fully understood, it is considered that you, John Johnson, be taken hence to the prison of this County, whence you came; and that you be there kept in strict custody, until Tuesday, the 30th day of April now next ensuing. That on the said Tuesday, the 30th day of April now next ensuing, between the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, either in the said prison, or within the enclosed yard of said prison, you be hanged by the neck until *your body be dead.*

—DANIEL WEBSTER.—Mr. Webster, in his recent "great speech" in the Senate said, among other wonderful things, that—

"He would not vote for any re-enactment of the will of God. He would put into it no Wilmot Proviso, nothing that was so useless and nugatory."

There is just about as much common sense in this "argument" as in the eighteen column speech of Gen. Cass, proving the unconstitutionality of the Proviso. Mr. Webster "will not vote for any re-enactment of the will of God." The laws which punish murder, and theft, and perjury, are nothing more than "re-enforcements" of God's revealed will. His will as written out in the Code, from which Blackstone says "all other laws derive their validity," reads thus: "Thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not bear false witness," &c. Mr. Webster goes against the "re-enactment" of these commands from the statutes of the great Law-giver. And now what *will* he vote for? He has likewise enlightened us on that subject. He will vote for Mr Mason's "Compromise" bill—he will vote to give up the vast Territories of our country to the slave power—he will vote for more "efficient laws" for catching runaway slaves—vote against the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. And thus we think he has marked out for himself a course which he can safely pursue without having any fears of voting for any "re-enactment of the will of God.—Jamestown (N. Y.) *Northern Citizen.*

—PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN LOUISIANA.—We (*National Intelligencer*) have been permitted by a gentleman in this city to make the following extract from a letter received by him from a gentleman at Thibodaux, in the State of Louisiana, dated March 8, 1850:

"The people here are perfectly quiet on the question of Slavery in the territories, the proceedings in the Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. You understand this thing: one man makes a motion on the subject, and all the rest are afraid to vote against it, as they would be certain to be misrepresented at the next election. So quietly do we all take it here, that I had almost forgotten to say any thing about it. Here and there you can find a man who is in favor of the Nashville Convention; but the masses laugh at it, and overwhelm them with more political odium than did the Hartford Convention those engaged in it."

—"NORTH CAROLINA.—At a Southern Rights' Meeting, lately held in Granville, North Carolina, General Saunders and John Kerr, Esq. were invited to speak, and both made strong Union speeches. The former, though he did not advocate the Nashville Convention, thought it best, since it was to be held, that North Carolina should be represented in it. Mr. Kerr was utterly opposed to any representation there. And, finally, the meeting struck out the resolution to appoint delegates, and adopted one, instead, that it is *inexpedient* to send delegates to either the District or Nashville Convention.

"A similar meeting in Brunswick county resolved to take no action in regard to the Southern Convention; and consequently no delegates were appointed to the District Convention."

—A most interesting emeute took place yesterday in the Senate, between Messrs. Benton and Foote, the telegraphic report of which is given below.

MR. BENTON, as the friend of California, gave notice to those who designed her admission, that they must stand by her. California was entitled to the consideration of the Senate, and her right was not to be postponed. Her bill was first reported, and as her friend he gave notice that from this time henceforth he intended to have the subject pressed and urged upon the Senate until it was definitely acted upon. He objected to giving the territorial bill precedence. The State was entitled to the precedence in every respect. She had the right to act independently upon the coast of the Pacific. She is not able to borrow a dollar to carry on her government, because of her anomalous position. SIX hundred thousand dollars of her money had been taken from her, while nothing affording her protection of augmenting her prosperity and resources had been given her. The people had been, were, and would be suffering, for want of protection until the Senate should decide whether she shall be longer postponed. As a friend of the admission of California, he would not cease to struggle for that object.

Mr. FOOTE replied with much warmth, indulging in a personal attack upon Mr. Benton's course, impugning the motives of his action, and intimating that his new-born friendship for California was not for the sake of the people, but because of the presence here of her Senators, whose admission to back him up and sustain him in the Senate, he was looking for with most feverish anxiety. He also contended that California had no precedence by right.—There was no doubt about the admission of the new State, while the Territorial bill, it was known, would give rise to much discussion; in this state of things he considered it highly proper that the bill should be taken up. His motion was not hostile to the admission of California, although he admitted that he did not want that measure adopted until certain other questions shall have been settled. The air and manner of the Senator from Missouri was a slander upon the Senate; an insinuation that he only was the friend of California. What did he mean by the friends of California?

Mr. BENTON—Mr. President, I mean by "friends of California," those who are in favor of her relief, her admission without remanding her back to the territorial condition, or dissolving the Union on account of her admission. Now, sir, I think I am understood. I believe this is the American Senate. I believe by the laws of the Senate and the rules of decorum, personalities, aspersions, and attacks upon motives are forbidden. This much I believe. Now, sir, I tell you what I know. I know that the attacks which have been made upon my motives to-day, and heretofore in this chamber, are false and cowardly—that is what I know sir. [Excitement.]

Mr. FOOTE, after some remarks for the purpose of showing that the objection by the *Pater Penatura* to personalities, was entirely inconsistent with his own course and example, replied to the charge of cowardice as follows: I am not in the habit of dealing in personalities; never have insinuated that the Senator was cowardly. I never make allegations that I cannot prove. I feel bound now to say, that when the Senator dares in his place, or elsewhere, to remove certain stains which cling to his escutcheon, about which I know the history as well as any man in Christendom, allusions to which ought to cause his cheek to be suffused with the deepest blush of shame; or if the Senator remains in his present attitude, without that special discredit with which he knows I am familiar, and which that paling cheek, that blushing countenance acknowledge, as well as the terrific fear which he knows I have witnessed, whenever he comes out frankly and boldly, instead of shielding himself behind his established cowardice; whenever he is prepared to hold himself amenable to the laws which govern gentlemen, I am prepared to meet him on that footing.

Mr. BENTON—I pronounce it cowardly to give insults where they cannot be chastised.

Mr. FOOTE rose. [Loud calls of order.]

Mr. BENTON—Is a Senator to be blackguarded day in and day out?

Mr. FOOTE, in his seat—He is a blackguard. [Order! order!]

Mr. BENTON, resuming—Is language to be used here which could not be used in an oyster-celler, grocery or tavern?

Mr. FOOTE called to order.

VICE-PRESIDENT—The Senator is called to order.

Mr. BENTON, continuing—Are such things allowed to go on, Sir? It is high time to stop them; and if persons use such language here, in a place where a cudgel cannot be applied to them, the voice of public indignation must be brought to bear upon them, until public sentiment can make them behave with the manners which are due to the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT repeated calls to order.

Mr. BENTON—Well, Sir, let the words objected to be taken down in writing, in accordance with the established rules of the Senate.

After some further colloquy,

Mr. FOOTE said—If the door of the Senate was not thrown pen to him by Mr. Benton he could not proceed further. He intimated, however, that he stood by all he had said, and if Mr. Benton would proceed in the matter, he was ready to meet him.

Mr. DICKINSON moved to

Poetry.

The following poem by Mrs. James Russell Lowell we find in several of our exchanges, and copy it with some hesitation, as it first appeared in print, we believe, without the consent of its author being obtained:

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death,
Like a long twilight, haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But nought can tempt the timid things,
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,—

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The Shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the South wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep;
And, like the burthen of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise and follow me.*"

LET ME REST.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft' in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain:
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest—but lay me low,
Where the hedge-side roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the foothpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God:
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded threstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings:
Where the wailing plover swings,
Near the runlet's rushy springs!

Miscellany.

From the Child's Friend.

THE DUKE OF BERRI.

From a popular royalist biography, we have translated for our young friends the following anecdotes concerning the present Duke of Berri and his father, branches, as it is well known, of the royal family in France. They are probably, strictly true, but even were they fabulous, they would only demonstrate the more, that in high as well as in low life, kindness, generosity and disinterestedness are recognized as the only qualities which excite love—as the direct road to the human heart; and that whoever travels along this highway, whether he be prince or peasant, will never miss of the goal.

"Never was there a better prince than the Duke of Berri. Many persons who did not love the Bourbons, changed their sentiments when they had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with this worthy son of France, just as he was, affable, full of cheerfulness and frankness, with his heart, as we say, in his hand.

At Compeigne, on a hunting party, his first huntsman, named Aubrey, arrived at the rendezvous precisely at eight o'clock, the hour appointed; but the prince had started at half past seven, it was therefore, his own fault and not Aubrey's that the huntsman could not accompany him. The chase proving unsuccessful, the prince returned annoyed and in ill humor.

'Aubrey! Where is Aubrey?' he cried.

The huntsmen had concealed himself, not daring to appear. At last he was brought forward, dumb with consternation.

'Aubrey!' said the prince, 'what punishment do unpunctual people deserve?'

Aubrey could not answer.

'Don't you know?' resumed the duke, 'I do, however; they should pay a forfeit, and here is mine.

So saying, he gave Aubrey a sum of money for his children.

Like all princes possessed of a good heart and a clear conscience, the Duke of Berri liked to go out without guards or attendants, or any mark of distinction—not to parade his popularity, but to follow his taste for simplicity and to find opportunity of doing good. One day he was returning from a walk with a single aid-de-camp. Passing by a coal-wharf, he noticed some colliers engaged in holding back one of their comrades, who wanted to throw himself into the river. The duke entered into conversation with the colliers, and learned that the unfortunate man who wished to drown himself, was the father of a family, reduced to despair by the loss of four hundred francs, (about one hundred dollars). The prince drew near to the man, and, not without difficulty, by arguments and entreaties, prevailed on him to delay for a few minutes the execution of his fatal purpose. He then withdrew, confiding the man to the care of his comrades. In the meanwhile, the aid-de-camp, by the prince's order, hastened to the palace in quest of the four hundred francs, which he brought to the poor man. The colliers then learned that the stranger with whom they had been so unceremoniously conversing, was the king's nephew. These worthy people did not forget this act of kindness, but followed in the prince's funeral procession with tears.

One morning, the Duke of Berri was driving in a chaise to one of his country seats near Paris. Upon the way, he met a little boy laden with a heavy basket. The prince stopped his chaise.

'Where are you going, my little man?' said he to the child.

'To La Muette, to carry this basket.'

'It is too heavy for you, give it to me; I will set it down as I pass by.' The prince placed the basket in his chaise, and deposited it just where he was directed; he then went in pursuit of the child's father.

'I met your little boy,' said he to him; you will destroy his health and prevent him from growing.—Buy an ass to carry the basket for him.' And he gave him the means for purchasing the ass.

The Duchess of Berri was as kind, and as popular and charitable as her husband. Never was there a better assorted couple. And so far were they from proclaiming their good deeds, that sometimes they even concealed them from each other. One day when they had gone out together, a poor woman presented herself before them with her children—the youngest of her daughters approached the Duchess with an air of familiarity.

'She is my charge,' said the princess, with a modest blush.

'Very well,' replied the duke, 'I like to see you increase your family.'

During one of the king's promenades, a horse belonging to one of the guardsmen who accompanied him, fell down, and his rider's leg was broken. The duke and duchess of Berri passing along a few minutes afterwards, met the injured man, whom his companions were carrying back to Paris. Dismounting immediately from their vehicle, they caused the dragoon to be lifted into it, and gave orders that he should be conducted to their own palace, and be nursed there, until his cure was completed; then, notwithstanding the length of the way, they returned on foot under a scorching sun.

One summer day, when promenading in the Elysian fields at Paris, they sat down with all the rest of the world in one of the alleys. The woman who owned the chairs went to them, and demanded for the use of them a fee, amounting to eight sous. The duke rummaged his pockets, but perceived that he had forgotten his purse; therefore, for the want of eight sous, the son of France would be obliged to lose his chair.

'Madam,' he said gaily to the dame, 'you must trust to my word and give me credit, as I have no money with me, though I assure you that I am rich enough and honest enough for you to have no reason to fear on account of your eight sous.'

'Yes, yes!' peevishly answered the dame with a crabbed air, 'such speeches I hear every day."

'Since I fail to inspire you with confidence, please to accept my umbrella, madam, as a pledge; it shall be redeemed before the day is over.'

The umbrella was worth at least a hundred times eight sous; however, the woman still had an air as if in consenting to accept it she was conferring a favor.

The duke and duchess resumed their promenade, laughing at this little incident. Soon the sky became overspread and some drops of rain announced a shower. Our pedestrians hastened their pace in order to regain the palace, though the duchess, who was in delicate health, could not walk very fast.—The rain became so violent that they were obliged to seek shelter under a door-way; the porter, a good old man, who was sweeping before his lodge, seeing the young lady wet and weary, politely took off his cap.

'If Monsieur and Madam,' said he, 'would enter my lodge, they would be better off than here.'

'With all my heart,' answered the prince. They went in; the porter dried his two best chairs for them. The duke entered into conversation with the porter, who frankly gave him his opinion upon politics, government and other things.

During this time the rain continued to descend in torrents. The duchess, uncomfortable and suffering, was anxious to reach home. There was no way of procuring a carriage.

'Sir,' said the porter, 'I have an umbrella which I can offer you; only it is not a handsome one.'

'Out with it, my good man; in war we must expect soldiers' fare.'

The porter then produced a large umbrella, patched with pieces of all colors.

'It is excellent,' said the prince.

'Pshaw!' rejoined the porter, 'the passers by will be likely to laugh at it.'

"We will let them laugh, then; however, it is but two steps home. But are you willing to trust me with your umbrella? you do not know me.'

'It is very true; I set great store by my umbrella, such as it is, seeing that I have no other; but never mind, I am not afraid, I see that I have to do with an honest man.'

'I thank you for your good opinion of me.'

The duke and duchess again thanked the porter, and bade him adieu, spreading the umbrella, with its six and thirty colors, over their heads, as they withdrew.

In an hour one of the prince's domestics placed eight sous in the hands of the disobliging woman who rented the chairs, in exchange for the umbrella of the duchess; he then went to the porter and returned him his umbrella, accompanied with four notes for a thousand francs.

It would be easy to cite a hundred traits of the same kind in the life of the Duke of Berri. At fires, he was always present in the midst of the workmen, whom he encouraged by his words, his example and his donations. The conflagration of the Odean in Paris, on the 18th of March, 1818, is still remembered. At the cry of 'fire,' the Duke of Berri hastened to the spot, directed the succors, and relieved the victims by his bounty.

On the evening of his assassination, the Duke of Berri was at the opera with his wife. During the representation, they conversed affectionately with the duke and duchess of Orleans, whom they always treated, like kind relatives, with the most unreserved friendship.

The duchess having wished to retire before the end of the play, the duke accompanied her as far as the door of the theatre, intending to return immediately; the soldiers on guard remained in the play-house, as it had long been the duke's wish, like a good unsuspicious man as he was, to be unattended by armed men. Thus his good nature became the cause of his death, as it was at the very moment when he was saying to the duchess, good bye, I shall soon see you again,' that the assassin inflicted the fatal stab.

As soon as he recovered his senses, the duke's first word was an inquiry, whether the person who stabbed him was a foreigner. He was answered in the negative.

'It is hard,' he then said, 'to die by the hand of a Frenchman.'

The unfortunate prince was conveyed into the interior of the theatre. The duchess, who had rushed from her carriage at the moment of the catastrophe, was by her husband's side, and bathed him with her tears. The royal family arrived in succession; all the succours of the art were employed, but the duke, feeling that his wound was mortal, was chiefly desirous of the supports of religion, which he received with the most touching devotion. After confession, he publicly acknowledged his faults in an audible voice.

'May God,' he added, 'forgive me! May he forgive him who has deprived me of life.'

He asked to see his assassin. 'What have I done to this man?' he repeated—'perhaps he is some one whom I have unintentionally offended.'

'No, my son,' replied the Count d'Artois, 'you never offended this man, he had no personal hatred towards you.'

'He was then deranged,' rejoined the prince.

He often inquired whether the king had arrived. 'I shall not have time,' he said, 'to ask for the favor of the man's life. Promise me, my father, promise me, my brother, to entreat of the king that the *man's* life may be spared.' In his surprising magnanimity he designated his assassin in no other way; though at the very time, the *man* was coldly boasting of his crime to those who questioned him; and when the name of God was uttered before the miscreant, he replied, 'God! He is nothing but a word!'

While waiting for the remedies to be applied, Doctor Bugon sucked the wound a number of times, in order to drain off the blood, which was suffocating the prince.

'What are you doing, my friend?' said the duke, 'possibly the wound is poisoned.'

He requested and received his father's blessing. Seeing his domestics sobbing around his bed—'My father,' said he, 'I commend to you all these good people and all my family.'

When dying, he learned that the marshals of France were present. 'I had hoped,' he said, 'to have shed my blood for France in the midst of them.' The duke had requested to see his daughter, who was about five months old; she was brought to him—he raised his languid hand over her and blessed her, saying, 'Poor child! may you be less unfortunate than the rest of my family?'

The king having arrived, the duke instantly said to him, 'My uncle, I ask you to spare the *man's* life.'

'Nephew,' replied the king, 'you are not as ill as you think; we will speak of him hereafter.'

'The king does not say yes'—rejoined the duke, 'spare the man's life, in order at least, that I may die in peace,' and he repeated, 'it would indeed have soothed my last moments.'

Even when just expiring, and able only to utter a few interrupted words, he was still heard to say—'If I could but carry away the assurance that a man's blood would not be shed after my death, on my account!'

These were almost his last words; at six o'clock in the morning, about seven hours after receiving the fatal stab, he yielded his life, dying like Louis XVI, in the act of pardoning."

The beautiful anecdote which follows, is recorded in the same biography, concerning the father of Louis XVI.

"In the year 1761, the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, chose to renew the ceremony of the baptism of his two eldest sons, of whom the first was then seven, and the other six years old. After their names had been inscribed on the parish register, the dauphin caused it to be brought to him; he opened it and showed his sons the name of the child registered by the side of theirs, belonging to a poor mechanic; 'thus you see,' said he, 'that in the eyes of God, conditions are equal, and that with him there is no other distinction than what is given by virtue. In the eyes of men, you will one day be greater than this child, but in the eyes of God he will be greater than you, if he be more virtuous.'"

We have often thought, that when commending children, the word *generosity* should be applied only to that beneficence which is exercised through the practice of self-denial; as hoarding is rarely the vice of the young, and most children are willing enough to give away that which they do not want for themselves. The following anecdotes show that this sentiment has been recognized in the education of the princes of France.

"M. Rochon, writing master to the dukes of Berri and Angouleme, had sustained a considerable loss in a conflagration; young Henry entreated his head tutor, the duke of Serent, to give twenty-five louis-d'or for poor Rochon. The tutor consented, but only on condition that Henry should please his writing master for fifteen days, without naming to him the twenty-five louis-d'or. The young gentleman set himself to work and formed his big letters with as few crooks as possible; Rochon was amazed at the sudden improvement, and never ceased to congratulate his pupil. The fifteen days expired, the duke received the money and carried it in triumph to Rochon. The writing master not knowing that the head tutor had permitted this generous act, refused to receive the money. The child insisted, the master held back; at last the young prince threw the louis-d'ors on the table in a pet, crying, 'Take them, I say, they have cost me dear enough. I have been writing so well these fifteen days, to get them.'"

The anecdotes which follow, are recorded concerning the present duke of Berri, who was born six months after the assassination of his father, September 29, 1820.

"One day, towards the close of July, 1824, the prince, upon being opposed by his governante, Madame de Gontant, in one of his little whims, swore a huge oath. The lady, surprised at hearing him garnish his conversation with words of that kind, severely reprimanded him and inquired of whom he had learned them?

'I must not tell,' replied Henry.

'And why?'

'Because he would be badly scolded.'

Madame de Gontant concealing her emotion at this generosity, then told the prince that she could not take it upon herself to forgive him, and that he must be called up before his mother. The duchess of Berri assumed an appearance of great severity, and in her turn inquired of the child, who among his servants had taught him such words?

The child repeated his answer, that he would never tell. 'Well, then,' resumed the duchess, 'I shall carry you to the king, and he will make you speak.'

In fact, the duke was carried before his great uncle, who made him feel that a prince should be more watchful over himself, than any other person, and that he had been wrong. Henry admitted it, and promised not to do so again.

'But,' resumed Louis XVIII, 'I cannot let any man be near you who teaches you such things. Who is he?'

The child bursting into tears, asked pardon again for his fault, but at the same time energetically repeated that he would not tell his name.

'I should be committing a greater fault,' said he, 'were I to occasion his ruin.'

'If such be your determination,' said the king gravely, 'stand behind my arm chair until you have changed it.'

The young prince fulfilled the penance with resignation; at the end of a quarter of an hour, Louis XVIII. called him, placed him on his knee and pressed him to his heart, congratulating him upon his courageous discretion. On leaving the king, Henry met the culprit in the anti-chamber; he was a footman, who all trembling, expected to be dismissed. The prince pulled him by the coat.

'Be easy,' said he to him in a low tone, 'I have not named you.'

The valet then, full of emotion and gratitude, informed against himself, but obtained his pardon.

A soldier belonging to the third regiment of the guard, named Andras, had obtained leave to keep with him his son, a little boy five years old, who diverted all the officers by his gracefulness and roguish air. In the military promenade from Courbevoire to Bagatelle, Andras carried his son on his back. Young Henry one day perceiving this child, who was armed and equipped like the soldiers of the guard, wanted to take from him his musket, but the child would not part with it. Shortly afterward, he was placed on guard in front of a tent where the prince was asleep, with orders to admit no one. Before five minutes had passed, Madame the Duchess of Berri came to see her son, but little Andras said to her with the utmost seriousness, 'No one must pass here,' at the same time crossing his bayonet. The princess was enraptured with this strictness; she laughed excessively, and took the child from the military company, under her own protection. He was placed in the college of Mantes, where his talents were most successfully developed.

The July revolution which occasioned the exile of the prince, affected also the soldier's son. The education bestowed by his august patroness upon young Andras, was interrupted. Ten or twelve years afterward, being now married and the father of a family, he stood in need of six hundred francs, in order to set up his wife in a laundry. Henry was informed of the situation of the young man who had shared his sports, and Andras received the six hundred francs. The exiled son of France remembered with pleasure the son of the common soldier.

He was accustomed to enlarge his charitable fund, by adding to his diligence and good behaviour.—When he had said any lesson well, he merited a good mark: at the end of the month the marks were counted, and he recieved from his grandfather, Charles X., three francs for every one. This money was put into a box by itself, and was devoted every year to the clothing of six old men, and six children, inhabitants of St. Cloud: whenever he was inattentive or idle, they said to him, 'Take care my lord, or your *poor* will suffer.'

Every year, on twelfth day, the royal family assembled in the Tuilleries to partake of the 'King's cake.' On January 6, 1830, a family festival took place, in which everything was gay and cordial.—The 'King's cake' was divided into fifteen portions, and the Duke d'Aumale being the youngest of the company, handed it round. The piece which contained the bean fell to the duke of Berri, who was at once proclaimed King* in the midst of acclamation and general gaiety, with which the evening concluded. Just as they were rising from table, Charles X. called for a moment's silence, and addressing his grandson, who was quite pleased with his royalty,

'Sire,' said he, 'in ten minutes your reign will be over: has your majesty any orders to give me?'

'Yes, grandpapa, I wish'—

'*I!* take care, French kings always say *we*.'

'Very well, then *we* wish our head tutor to pay us our allowance three months in advance.'

'Three months, sire, what would you do with so much money?'

'Grandpapa, the mother of a brave soldier of your guard has had her cottage burnt, and the sum will not be too much for the rebuilding of it.'

'Very well, I will take charge of it.'

'No, grandpapa, because if you do it, it will not be I.'

'But how can you do without money for three months?'

'I will try to earn some by gaining good marks, for which you always pay me.'

'Ah! then are you sure of them?'

'Certainly, for must not I clothe my poor? because I have my poor, as well as you and mamma and aunt. Oh! I have made my calculations, and I shall do very well. After paying ten francs to the poor woman in the forest of Boulogne. I shall still have twenty sous left to play the prince with.'

At these words Charles X. embraced his grandson, exclaiming, 'Happy France! should he ever be king.'

In the month of April, 1830, an entire village in Auvergne was consumed by fire. It was the native place of M. Villatte, who immediately went in search of the young duke.

'My lord,' said he to him, 'a great misfortune has happened.'

'Heavens! what is it?'

'A village in Auvergne has been consumed by fire, and many families are reduced to misery.'

'Poor people.'

'If my lord could afford them relief, he would perform a good deed.'

'I should be most happy so to do, but you know that my monthly marks are appropriated to the poor at St. Cloud.'

'What then can be done?'

Stay, I have it. I will be more diligent than usual, so as to gain some extra marks, and in that way I will procure a hundred francs.'

'That is indeed an excellent idea!'

Yes, but it is too little; I shall want at least two hundred francs. I must go and ask M. Demas to pay me my pocket money in advance, for a number of months.'—(He received thirty francs a month.)

'Ah! but you do not remember that you will then have nothing for your little wants—and supposing that you were passing by the toy-shops, and took a fancy to something?'

'Well, I can have my fancy, but do without it, and instead of thinking about playthings, I will think of the unfortunate.'

The young prince actually hastened to his head tutor, and obtained his pocket money in advance for three months. During all that time he bought nothing for his pleasures. Not one of his relations replaced to him the money which he had consecrated to this good work, as they desired him to be made to feel that the pleasure derived from relieving misfortune becomes greater, when in order to obtain it we submit to privation.

This was not the only time that Henry conveyed his benefactions through the hands of M. Villatte.

'One morning,' writes this brave officer, 'I found him on awaking, gayer than usual. He seemed to have something agreeable to tell me, but gracefully amused himself with keeping me in suspense. At last with a radiant face, he took from under his pillow nine hundred francs which he had hoarded up from his good marks and destined for the poor of Auvergne. I have often seen him deprive himself of riding whips and other favorite playthings, that he might have the more to give to the unfortunate.'

At an early age he became president of the society of St. Joseph, consisting of the children of families in affluent or easy circumstances, who dedicated the money allotted to them for their amusements to paying the apprenticeship fees of indigent young artizans or orphans, to master-mechanics, from whom they would receive none but good examples. In case of sickness they were nursed, and all their wants were provided for.

'Be very prudent,' Henry would say to the members of the association, every time that they assembled, 'be very economical, for the sake of our young laborers.'

On Sunday the youthful protegés of Henry assembled in an appointed place; a priest performed divince service, and paternally exhorted them. Henry went to see them from time to time, familiarly conversed with them, gave them good advice, and always left tokens of his generosity with them.

While the king of Naples, father of the duchess of Berri, resided at Rosny, the young duke went there to visit him, and often made pedestrian excursions in the environs. On one of these excursions, the young prince, being hungry, entered a cottage without making himself known, and inquired if they could give him anything to eat. A poor peasant woman who inhabited the cottage, offered him some bread and milk, on which he feasted with an excellent appetite. He then wished to know whether his hostess were in want of anything; she replied that her daughter was about to partake of her first communion, and was in want of various things. M. Demas then approached her, and presenting her with five louis-d'ors, 'It is the duke of Berri whom you have entertained, and who bestows on you this gift.' The good woman could scarcely stammer forth her gratitude. She hastened to assemble the whole village, showed her money, and told her adventure to all, indemnifying herself after the prince's departure, for her silence in his presence.

Such was the heart and such the education of the duke of Berri. Thus, at ten years old, he had been taught all the virtues and all the duties of a man and a prince, and these delightful traits of character were not the fruit of dictation, but rather the inspirations of his own heart." L. O.

*It appears that whoever obtained the bean was king of the evening.

LAMARTINE UPON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A Speech delivered in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, April 18, 1836.

[Translated for The Spirit of the Age.]

Gentlemen:—Before the legislator is able to mold a social conviction into a law, philosophers are permitted to examine it. The legislator proceeds slowly and with care, because he must not be deceived; his error would affect the whole of society. One can destroy society as effectually by the hasty application of principles and truths as by subverting it through error and crime. Then let us not be irritated by the timorous slowness of the application. We should take into account the manners, customs, prejudices even of the present day. We should remember that society is a traditionary work which is still existent: that we should only touch it scrupulously, and with a trembling hand; that millions of lives, properties, and rights repose under the shadow of this vast secular edifice from which a stone, too hastily detached, may in its fall crush generations. Our duty it is to enlighten society and not to curse it; he who curses it comprehends it not. The most sublime social theory, should it require us to disdain the law and revolt against it, would be of less profit to the world than the respect and obedience every citizen owes even to that condemned by philosophy.

It was necessary to say this in order fully to establish our position. We are but individual consciences seeking for light; we are holding an inquest over the death penalty.

There is a conscience belonging to mankind, as well as one appertaining to the individual. Like ours, it has its doubts, troubles, and remorse. From time to time it looks within itself, and asks if the laws which govern the social instinct are in correspondence with the divine inspirations of religion, philosophy, and science. And here we cannot sufficiently admire that omnipotence of innate conviction which nothing can stifle, which rises within us against ourselves, and finds utterance and circulation by means of books, deliberative assemblies, and free societies like this, and which, among interests foreign to itself, interests wholly unbiassed, makes men of different religions, nations, and opinions, hear it from one end of Europe to the other. The most incredulous ought to be convinced from this truth that there is something stronger, more irresistible in man, than selfishness; something superhuman, which cries from within him against his own vanity, and which leaves him to repose till he has restored to the laws of his being the principles God has implanted in his nature. We are now in an epoch of social examination; so it is not astonishing that this public conscience should begin to question itself upon one of the most terrible perplexities of legislation, and that it should ask if it is true that there is a social virtue in the shedding of blood; if it is true that the headsman is the executor of a sort of priesthood of humanity; if it is true that the scaffold should be the last record of justice. Its horror of blood and its detestation of the headsman are a sufficient response; let us leave it to reflection, or rather let us aid it to reflect. It is for that purpose we are now assembled.

But before entering into a rapid examination of the numerous and brilliant labors which this concourse has called out, I will, with your permission, fix my thoughts upon the death penalty. You will then be better able to judge of the progress made in your own convictions.

We do not wish to falsify one truth in order to redress another. We do not believe society ever had or can have the right to give or take life. We think—and it is not necessary to tell you that our thoughts are wholly individual—that it never will have the right. Society being, as we believe, necessary, it has all the privileges essential to its existence; and if in the beginning of its formation, in the imperfections of its primitive organization, and the destitution of its repressive means, it thought that the power of punishing the guilty was its supreme right, its only means of preservation: then it had the power of punishing without being criminal—because it punished *in conscience*. Is it the same to-day—and in the present state of society?—Armed with sufficient force to repress and punish without shedding blood, sufficiently enlightened to substitute moral and corrective sanction for the sanction of murder—can it legitimately remain a homicide? Nature, reason, and science unanimously answer, no! The most incredulous may hesitate, for their minds are still in doubt. But from the day when the law-giver doubts a right so terrible,—when in contemplating the bloody scaffold he recoils with horror, and demands if, while punishing one crime he has not committed another—from that day the power of punishing by death belongs to him no more. For what is a doubt which can only be resolved after the head has rolled from the block? It is, if not a crime, closely allied to feelings of remorse!

Man can do everything, except create. Reason, science, and association have submitted to him the elements. To him, the visible king of creation, God has given nature; but in order to make him feel his nothingness, amid the witnesses of his grandeur, the Creator has reserved to himself alone the mystery of life.

In reserving life he evidently says to man, "I reserve to myself the power of causing death also.—Thou shalt not kill, for thou canst not restore life. To kill is to transcend thy prerogative. It is the usurpation of my divine right. It is to do violence to my creation. Thou canst kill, for thou art free; but in order to place the great seal of nature upon this inviolability of human life I give to the victim the horror of death, and his blood shall cry eternally against the murderer."

Nevertheless the seal of nature was broken by the first violent death. Murder became the crime of the wicked, and we must say it, the defence of the just. As the right of defence or preservation, it became deplorably lawful. It arrayed man against man as it arrayed the tiger against the tiger. Society was formed, and while in its first rudiments, it dispossessed the individual and took the laws into its own hands. This was the first step. But in loading itself with this power society confounded vengeance with justice, and consecrated that brutal law of retaliation which punishes evil by evil, washes blood in blood, castes a corpse upon a corpse, and says to man, "Observe, I know not how to punish crime but by committing it!" And still this law was just: I am deceived, it appeared just, since the conscience of mankind knew no other. If this law was just, was it moral? No, it was a carnal law; a law of impotence, of despair. It but established the revenge of society for the revenge of the individual.

An obscure instinct revealed to it the need of rising to moral sociability, and substituting respect of life for the bloody profanation of the sword. History is full of these efforts. A sensible amelioration of manners is manifested everywhere. Tuscany and Russia still bear witness to the fact. Christianity finally pointed out to humanity the dogma of spiritualization. Wickedness and crime became the only victims immolate. From that time society, having in its christian spirit remitted all vengeance to God, had but two acts to accomplish; to protect its members from the taints of crime, and to correct the individual while punishing him. The divine revelation of the social mystery, whose first act was Christ's mercy in pardoning his murderers from the cross, has not since ceased to penetrate our manners, institutions and laws. Undoubtedly there is a struggle still going on between the body and mind, between darkness and light—but the mind triumphs, the light increases; and between the various tortures, the rack included, and the penitentiary prisons where punishment is but the inability to do harm, and the compulsion to labor and reflect, there is an immense abyss across which has been thrown the bridge of charity. This space we can contemplate with satisfaction for the present and hope for the future. The efforts we are making here, seconded by so many sympathies from without, are a new testimony of that unanimous impulsion with which society labors for its complete moralization. The application of the death penalty is effaced from eight articles of our codes; grievous punishments are fast disappearing; the scaffold, formerly a spectacle for kings and courts, is now shamefully constructed in the night in order to escape the horror of the people; your squares, your streets reject them, and from disgust on disgust they are removed to your most distant faubourgs, which will soon drive them still farther. What remains then, to society, to prevent it from washing its hands of taint? An error, a prejudice, an illusion; the opinion that capital punishment is still necessary.

(*To be continued.*)

SWEDENBORG'S FIRST VISION.

"'I was in London,' said Swedenborg, 'and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room, in which art pleasure to prosecute my studies in natural philosophy. I was hungry, and ate with good appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like, I was astonished, having all my wits about me, and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in a corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself entirely alone, I was greatly frightened when he said to me' "Eat not so much!" My sight again became dim, but when I recovered it I found myself alone in my room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that anything had happened; but thought it over attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance or any physical cause. I went home, but the following night the same man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man said, "I am God, the Lord, the Creator and redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scriptures. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write." The same night the world of spirits, hell and heaven, were convincingly opened to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning, and labored only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereafter the Lord opened the eyes of my spirit, to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse, broad awake, with angels and spirits.'"

From his diary, however, it appears that for some time previously he had premonitory intimations of what was coming. He says—

"That '*for many years before his mind was opened*, and he was enabled to speak with spirits; there were not only dreams informing him respecting the subjects that were written, but also changes of state when he was writing, and a peculiar extraordinary light in the writings: afterwards many visions when his eyes were shut; light miraculously given; spirits influencing him as sensibly as if they appealed to the bodily senses; temptations also from evil spirits almost overwhelming him with horror; fiery lights; words spoken in early morning; and many similar events."

After his visions became habitual, we are told that his supernatural knowledge was displayed on some remarkable occasions. One of these cases rests on the testimony of the Queen of Sweden, the sister of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. The narration is thus given:

Swedenborg and Queen Louisa.—"'A short time,' says Stahlhammer, 'after the death of the Prince of Prussia, Swedenborg came to court [being summoned thither by the senator, Count Scheffer]. As soon as he was perceived by the Queen, she said to him, "Well, Mr. Assessor, have you seen my brother?" Swedenborg answered, No; whereupon she replied, "If you should see him, remember me to him." In saying this, she did but jest, and had no thought of asking him any information about her brother. Eight days afterwards, and not four and twenty hours, nor yet at a particular audience, Swedenborg came again to court, but so early that the Queen had not left her apartment called the white room, where she was conversing with her maids of honor and other ladies of the court. Swedenborg did not wait for the Queen's coming out, but entered directly into her apartment, and whispered in her ear. The Queen, struck with astonishment, was taken ill, and did not recover herself for some time. After she was come to herself, she said to those about her, "*There is only God and my brother who can know what he has just told me.*" She owned that he had spoken of her last correspondence with the prince, the subject of which was known to themselves alone.'

"'The only weakness,' adds the Captain, 'of this truly honest man was his belief in the apparition of spirits; but I knew him for many years, and I can confidently affirm, that he was as fully persuaded that he conversed with spirits, as I am that I am writing at this moment. As a citizen, and as a friend, he was a man of the greatest integrity, abhorring imposture, and leading an exemplary life.'"
—*London Inquirer.*

In the sea of up-town excitements, this week, Mrs. Fanny Kemble is the "fin above water," and it may have the "grace of time-lines" if we mention, just now, the impression which this distinguished lady made upon Emerson. The Napoleon of phrases, as our readers know, never sees a particular. He beholds a house in a brick, and defines nothing but by a generalization. He would address a mean man as Paltry-dom, and a great man as God-atom. When Mrs. Fanny Kemble was presented to him, he listened to her, and looked at her, for a while, and then, relinquishing her to a third person, he stepped aside, and exclaimed breathlessly to a friend:—"WHAT QUANTITY!"—*Home Journal.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publicaions.

Our life is but a *Vinter's* day;
Some only *breakfast* and away,
Others to *dinner* stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but *sups* and goes to *bed*,
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

—Social Progress.—Sympathy among men is beginning to be felt. The extremes of society are approximating each other—the zenith and the nadir of life are drawing together. The great democratic principles of equal political rights is compressing society to as near a level as nature will justify. Remote nations shake hands with one another. Conventional rights are giving place to natural rights, and the government of force is giving way to the government of popular will and sincere action.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

—A Maternal Compliment.—The Hon. Robert Lindsay, when living in Bengal, received a letter from his mother, in which she said—"I understand, my dear Robert, that you are a great ship-builder. Your talents in this line I do not dispute; but I have one favor to ask of you, which is, that you will not come in one of your own building." "And," says he, "I implicitly followed her advice."

—Cotton Mather in Smyrna.—We have recently had the pleasure of examining Cotton Mather's original manuscript journal for the year 1712, he being then in the fiftieth year of his age. It is in good preservation, and is perfectly legible to one familiar with the chirography of those days. The remarkable point in its history is this. It came into the hands of the Rev. Nathan Benjamin at Smyrna, Asia Minor, and was by him transmitted to one of the professors in Williams College. When it made the voyage to Asia, and how long it had been there, are facts unknown to the present possessor.

—Insects as Remedies.—Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood-louse or millepede, perhaps alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of cholic, no visitor with a drachm of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchafer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them that salutary biter, the *Cantharides* or Spanish flies of Europe, and the *Meloe Chicorei*, used by the natives of the Celestial Empire for the same purpose of draining off terrestrial humors.

—Orthographic Combats: Southey's Proficiency therein.—Twice during the twelve months of my stay great interest was excited throughout the commonwealth by a grand spelling-match, for which poor Flowe deserves some credit, if it was a device of his own to save himself trouble and amuse the boys. Two of the biggest boys chose their party, boy by boy alternately, till the whole school was divided between them. They then hunted the dictionary for words unusual enough in their orthography to puzzle ill-taught lads; and, having compared lists, that the same word might not be chosen for both, two words were delivered to every boy, and kept by him profoundly secret from all on the other side till the time of trial. On a day appointed we were drawn up in battle array, quite as anxious on the occasion as the members of a cricket club for the result of a grand match against all England. Ambition, that "last infirmity of noble minds," had its full share in producing this anxiety; and, to increase the excitement, each person had wagered a half-penny upon the event. The words were given out in due succession on each side from the biggest to the least; and for every one which was spelt rightly in its progress down the enemy's ranks the enemy scored one; or one was scored on the other side, if the word ran the gauntlet safely. The party in which I was engaged lost one of these matches and won the other. I remember that my words, for one of them were crystallisation and coterie, and that I was one of the most effective persons in the contest, which might easily be.—*Southey's Life and Correspondence.*

—The Prophetic Dew-drop.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

—Morality of the Cider Cellar.—Holt did not practice this singular profession long, but when he was going the circuit as chief justice, many years after, he recognized a man, convicted capitally before him, as one of his own accomplices in a robbery, and having visited him in gaol, and inquired after the rest of the gang, he received this answer—"Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but myself and your lordship!" To this anecdote Lord Campbell appends the following explanatory and consolatory note:—"Hanging was not formerly considered so very disgraceful and melancholy an occurrence as it is now. When I first came to London I frequented the famous Cidercellar in Maiden-lane, where I met Professor Porson, Matthew Rain, the Master of the Charter-house, and other men of celebrity. Among these was George Nichol, the king's bookseller, who, in answer to some reflections on the society who sometimes came there, answered with an air of conscious dignity, 'I have known the Cider-cellar these forty years, and during that time only two men have been hung out of it.'"

—"G. H. B.," in *Notes and Queries*, alluding to the often-quoted lines—

"For he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,"

shows that they are not in "Hudibras," as is generally supposed. The following lines, however, are found in Butler's great poem (book iii., canto iii., verse 243).

"For those that fly may fight again,